

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 14, 1972 60 CENTS

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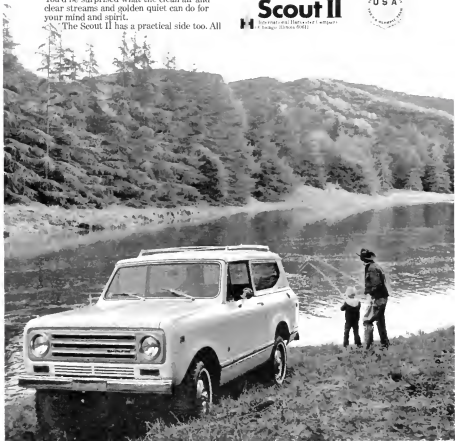
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Next week

PENDING OFF the Orioles, Yankees and Red Sox in the American League East is the task ahead for Detroit and its prize left-hander, Mickey Lolich. Ron Finner reports.

SUBMARINE VIEWS of the elusive bonafish in his lair are depicted in the oil paintings of Stanley Meltzoff, while Thomas McGuane provides an above-the-waterline essay.

PADDLING and panhandling, Californian Larry Capone is trying to ride his surfboard the length of the Eastern Seaboard. Robert H. Boyle describes the wave-uptained adventure.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In his book *A Child of the Century*, Ben Hecht describes the adventures of a pair of photographic bloodhounds for the old Chicago *Evening American*. Their job was to obtain hard-to-get pictures of criminals, victims and not-so-public figures who wanted to stay that way. Hecht's dauntless duo employed every artifice (including a glass eye that one of them would "lose" on cue to set up a diversion for his partner) and enjoyed huge success.

Like the old *Evening American*, SI has a pair of sleuths on its staff who locate the arcane, obscure or merely elusive photographs that help put the il-

illustrated in our title. Our picture hunters employ more orthodox methods than Hechi's odd couple, but they concede nothing in terms of success. And what Betty Dick and Dorothy Merz lack in eccentricity they more than make up for in doggedness and charm.

Sometimes their job involves finding not the right photograph but the right photographer, as for this week's story on athletes' wives. "Here were women who fought hard to maintain their identities in high-pressure situations," says Betty Dick, who made the photographic assignment. "I wanted to find a woman photographer who would relate to them, and after looking over several portfolios I decided on Catherine Ursillo." The soundness of her judgment is evident from the photographs beginning on page 70.

Dorothy Merz, who is a charter member of the SI staff, has been a picture prospector for most of her career. She has worked on seven magazines in all, including each of the Time Inc. publications. One detour took her for a time aboard a Spanish-language publication called *Revista Semanal*, which died an exquisite death in its lavishly quarters in New York's Plaza Hotel.

"We were living over our heads," Dorothy observes drolly. Betty Dick came to SI in the same year as Dorothy via FORTUNE, where she had worked for 12 years as a picture researcher—a job she viewed with trepidation until the art director gave her an "exam" that consisted of critiquing photographs in other publications and books.

Running to earth a specific photograph on short notice is often a matter of luck, though knowing where to look is a big help. The Merz-Dick team depends heavily on wire services and photo agencies, of course, but their more exotic safaris may take them to



places like the Missouri Historical Society, where Betty finally located a picture from the 1904 Olympics to accompany William Johnson's recent series.



NOT ON THE TRAIL

Occasionally the picture is available but the subject is unwilling. Dorothy recalls that obtaining a high school photo

photograph of Lew Alcindor was one of her toughest chores. "I must have called his home and high school 100 times before somebody came through."

SI has provided the pair a liberal education in all phases of sport, but in the early days there were some colossal confusions. Betty spent several days back in 1954, for example, trying to track down a picture of a pacer named Johnny Globe—only to discover that in this case the pacer ran on four legs, not two. “I kept thinking of the runner who paced Roger Bannister to his sub-four-minute mile,” she says.

Things have smoothed out a lot since then, and the Merz-Dick combo now functions with rare efficiency. Even without a glass eye.



DICK AND MERZ HOT ON THE TRAIL

Rich Munro



**The later you leave the game, the more
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Money

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

MURDER IN THE CORRAL

Outside Toronto a mare which had won Olympic and Pan-American gold medals for the Canadian Equestrian Team was bedded down in fresh shavings for the night. The caretaker, whose wife was out of town, took the German shepherd which normally guards the stables home for company. The jumper's owner, Stockbroker Tom Gayford, by coincidence also was away from home.

Next morning Big Dee, the 11-year-old thoroughbred, was in pitiable shape. With a baseball bat or a wrapped pipe, she had been beaten across the windpipe, shoulder and a previously injured leg that had kept the mare and Gayford from some earlier Olympic Trials. As there were no shavings in her mane or tail, there was no question of such accidental injuries as could occur when a horse thrashes around with colic. The overnight brutality ended any Olympic hopes for Gayford, although he will go to Munich as a coach. Big Dee will survive, but her competitive future is in question and the motive for the savage attack is still a mystery.

"It certainly wasn't done by a friend of mine," said Gayford sardonically. "It must have been a demented personality. But in a way you could say it was done beautifully. It was well enough executed to put her [and therefore Gayford] out of the way for a while. Thank God they didn't kill her."

But here in the U.S. there have been recent equine atrocities that made Big Dee's Mafia-style beating all but trivial by comparison. In California's San Fernando Valley, within a three-mile radius of Northridge, eight horses and ponies have been stabbed and mutilated. Another had a rope tied from neck to legs so that he strangled himself. Then he was disemboweled. A 10th horse seems to have been poisoned.

The compiler of these macabre facts is Mrs. Paul Burmeister, whose children's two ponies were slaughtered in their corral so expertly that Mrs. Burmeister be-

lieves the murderer has either worked on the killing floor of a slaughterhouse or is a very experienced hunter who has stabbed many animals after a kill to drain them of their blood. She points out that Teddy, a 7-year-old pony, was killed by one precise stab and then slashed unnecessarily an additional 32 times.

No one has yet been apprehended in this bloodbath, but the Southern California Horsemen's Council is trying to get this kind of offense upgraded from its present misdemeanor status to felony.

THE SURVIVOR

Wild ducks living in the protected environment of zoos have been known to survive for 30 years, but the life-span of a wild duck living in freedom appears to be about three years, with good luck. Almost none go five or more.

So wildlife experts were astonished when a wild mallard drake that had been banded at Wheeler Wildlife Refuge in Decatur, Ala. in January 1944 was killed by a hunter on the Savannah River in 1972.

"We were so astounded we checked and double-checked to be sure the kill was authentic," said Wheeler Wildlife Manager Tom Atcheson. "This particular drake, an adult at the time, was banded by Henry Grammer in January of 1944. That's 28 years ago, and it must have been around two years old then."

"That old fellow must have seen a lot of sights in his day."

He must have dodged a lot of shotgun pellets, too.

THE SUMMER LINE

In the opinion of Harrah's Tahoe Racebook the Baltimore Colts are 5-to-2 favorites to win the American Football Conference and the Minnesota Vikings are 5-to-2 in the National.

Other Harrah odds:

AFC—Oakland 3 to 1; Miami and Kansas City, each 7 to 2; Pittsburgh and Cleveland, each 8 to 1; Cincinnati 10 to 1; New York 12 to 1; New Eng-

land 20 to 1; San Diego 25 to 1; Denver and Houston, each 30 to 1; Buffalo 40 to 1.

NFC—Dallas 7 to 2; San Francisco 4 to 1; Detroit 5 to 1; Los Angeles 6 to 1; Washington 8 to 1; Atlanta 12 to 1; St. Louis and Green Bay, each 20 to 1; Philadelphia and Chicago, each 25 to 1; New Orleans 30 to 1; New York 40 to 1.

COURTESY OF O'HARE

The pool used for the U.S. Olympic diving trials in Chicago's suburban Park Ridge is directly under the normal flight pattern of nearby O'Hare field, the world's busiest airport. Yet not once during the three days of competition was a diver shaken up by the noise of a low-flying jet passing overhead.

"The cooperation we got from the traffic-control tower at O'Hare was almost as astounding as the first-in-history perfect dive by Mike Finneran," reported Ron O'Brien, Ohio State diving coach. "For three days they rerouted the planes so that not once did they go over while contestants were diving."

AN ECHO FOR FIDO

A patent lawyer, John F. McClellan Sr. of Baltimore, now has a patent for one



of his own inventions, a very odd one.

It is based on his theory that dogs are like people. He has noticed that if a person shouts and someone answers by mimicking that shout, the first shout is likely to shut up. So he devised an instrument that records the barking of dogs, then sends the sound of the bark back in amplified form and at a wave fre-

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quency which dogs can hear—but not humans.

The next-door neighbor's dog can thus be silenced and the neighbor won't know how it was done, says McClellan.

Requests are pouring in for the device, but the inventor has as yet been unable to go into mass production.

OLYMPIC FASHION NOTE

There are members of the U.S. Olympic track team who never have worn dress shoes; they have lived out their young lives in sneakers. Other athletes bound for the Summer Olympics have never owned a jacket. Now, thanks to the largesse of Sears, Roebuck, every one of the 479 men and 133 women bound for Munich will have outfits, from socks to suitcases, costing over \$500. Sears donated \$500,000 to the U.S. team but makes an off-the-rack guess that it will have spent close to \$1 million for red, white and blue parade uniforms (*page 271*), travel outfits and proper dress for a White House dinner before the team departs.

In Washington, 19 tailors, 21 fitters and seven seamstresses have been put to work on problems that would boggle a Savile Row expert. Wrestler Chris Taylor weighs 420 pounds. He has a 23-inch neck, 62-inch chest, 59-inch waist and 33-inch thighs. The smallest male athlete, Gymnast Makoto Sakamoto, weighs 120 pounds and has a 14½-inch neck, 26-inch waist and 25-inch thighs.

Swimmers have exceptionally broad shoulders while track and field athletes are justifiably the fittest about their feet. "Be careful," cautioned Marathoner Kenny Moore. "I've got two sizes. One foot is a D and the other an E."

One tailor remembers a team member commenting that he liked his outfit so much he was going to get married in it after the Games.

SAVONAROLA AT PENN STATE

Penn State football teams have compiled some impressive statistics over the past few seasons, but the one of which Coach Joe Paterno is proudest is that all 19 seniors on his 1970 Orange Bowl team graduated within one term of completing their athletic eligibility. Paterno holds that "An athlete who does not graduate is grossly underpaid as an entertainer. One who graduates is overpaid." Too often, he feels, a college abandons its responsibility to an athlete when he completes his athletic eligibility. Paterno

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

proposes that the National Collegiate Athletic Association can do something about this by depriving a school of one grant-in-aid for each athlete who (excluding military service) does not graduate within one term after the end of the academic year in which he completes his eligibility. The penalty would be for one year and, in the case of football, would begin with the next recruited freshman class.

Penn State and the rest of the Eastern Big Four (Syracuse, Pittsburgh and West Virginia) have agreed to a limit of 100 football scholarships now, but Paterno would like to see the number reduced to 95. He has another interesting suggestion. For each incoming student-athlete whose scholarship prediction is 3.0 or better, the school would be eligible for one noncommencing grant, with a limit of three for each incoming class. Thus, a school would be rewarded for recruiting intelligent athletes.

Two other standards which Paterno would like to see adopted—which already prevail at Penn State—are a normal-progress rule and a 2.0 grade-point requirement. The normal-progress rule means that an athlete may never be more than 10 credits behind his entering class during any school year. It is a way of making sure the athlete does not fall so far behind that it would be useless for him to stay in school after completing his eligibility. The national grade-point requirement is 1.6.

Paterno's chance of gaining support for most of his proposals is a good fourth-and-27 shot. But at least Paterno is one coach ready to gamble instead of punting.

CRAWFISH RUSH

The Florida crawfish is a poor relation of the Maine lobster, but there are those who love it. The annual opening of the crawfish season in Florida waters may be compared to the start of a land rush in the old West. Thousands turn out equipped with legal devices—their bare hands, nets or traps, the last requiring a \$50 license—and illegal types, such as spears and gigs. Marine-patrol officers made more than 100 arrests on last week's opening day.

But the season got off to an inauspicious start. Instead of the 100,000 to 200,000 pounds of crawfish tails brought in by the commercial fleet on previous opening days, less than 20,000 pounds

continued

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were delivered to market. A scarcity of legal-sized crustaceans prevails.

That may have sparked the voracity of poachers. Off Big Pine Key, marine-patrol officers found two men following a boat whose occupants were observing the law. The law-abiding chaps were discarding undersized crawfish, and those following them were picking up the babies, just about the size of shrimp. Skin divers accused a crawfish-trap owner of trying to run them down with his boat. He suspected them of stealing from his traps. Another trap owner threatened to shoot a diver he caught stealing.

It was like that in the old West, too.

TWO VOTES FOR AVERY

Often abused for his foggyish views on real amateurism and honesty in sport, Avery Brundage, on the verge of retirement as head man of the Olympics, can count on at least two highly placed supporters. They are none other than Jesse Owens and Bob Mathias, Olympic greats of other years.

Dick Cavett interviewed them on a recent show and asked what sort of person they favored as a replacement for Brundage.

"If you have a weak man in Mr. Brundage's job," Mathias answered, "you won't have the Olympic Games as they are."

"If they're going to replace him," Owens added, "they should replace him with the same kind of man."

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Peterson, Houston Oilers coach, on Houston's preseason game against Dallas: "I'm not surprised that Dallas is starting five nonregulars against us. I know I'd do it if I were in Tom Landry's position. In fact, I'd like to be playing Houston myself."

• Dr. David Kurtz, U.S. pioneer of white-water sports, on the lack of interest in this country: "The problem is that most Americans still look at the canoe as a recreational vehicle, nice for picnics on a Sunday afternoon. We have about 1,500 competitive paddlers registered, whereas West Germany has at least 60,000."

• Bill Vecch's reaction to the announcement by Nick Maletis, owner of the Cleveland Indians, that all weekday games next year will be in the daytime: "Why not try it? What has he got to lose? At least he'll save on the light bill." **END**

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Karna and Deena and the rest of the girls were never faans—er, finer—at the Olympic swimming trials, but Mark Spitz made the biggest splash

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Swimmers have always been inhospitable to hair, accepting on faith the dogma that anybody who shears himself from head to toe before a big race will slip through water like ball bearings over oil. Now comes Mark Spitz (*opposite*), the world's leading swimmer, sowing doubt. Not even so major a competition as last week's U.S. Olympic Trials in Chicago could induce Spitz to part with his mustache, which he affected, he said forthrightly, "Because it looks pretty good on me." Spitz offered a further explanation over lunch in the revolving restaurant atop the Regency Hyatt, a futuristic hotel with a facade of roughly the same burnished-copper hue as his own rakish features. "The mustache also helps my swimming," he insisted. "It catches the water and keeps it out of my mouth."

It no doubt speaks more for his talent than for his grasp of hydrodynamics, but Spitz performed at the trials as if his rivals were so many barbers in pursuit. On four successive nights he plunged into the Portage Park pool, a municipally-owned facility in a blue-collar neighborhood on

Chicago's northwest side, and four times he climbed out a winner, mustache wet and bristling. He broke two of the three individual world records he already held and added a fourth. Counting relays, he qualified for seven events at Munich, a burden that unavoidably invited comparison with 1968. In that Olympic year, a gifted but inexperienced Mark Spitz brashly predicted he would win six gold medals in Mexico City, then settled for a comparatively meager haul of two golds (both in relays), a silver and a bronze.

Now 22 and bound for Indiana University's dental school, Spitz has ripened into the sport's most dashing figure. Neither blond nor bland, as swimmers are so often stereotyped, but looking like a Jewish incarnation of—you should pardon the expression—Omar Sharif, he was set upon at Portage Park by swarms of teeny-swimmers, few of them old enough to borrow the family station wagon. He was also besieged by reporters loaded with here-we-go-again questions about how he would fare in Munich. "I'll just try to do the best I can," he answered during one such encounter, his upper lip as stiff as it was luxuriant. Then he headed for the exit, only to meet the usual pack of squealing girls. "You know," he complained as he paused to sign an autograph, "my head's under a lot of pressure."

continued

Winning women included Dene Schoenfeld, embracing rival after 200 breaststroke; Mary Montgomery, 400 medley; Jenny Kemp, who set U.S. mark in 100 free.



The trials produced, in all, 12 world records, and the 51 member team includes other celebrated veterans who will be feeling some of the same pressure as Spitz. Among the men, for example, there is Spitz' co-captain last season at Indiana, versatile Gary Hall, a silver medalist at Mexico City who qualified in Chicago for three events, improving his own world mark in the 400-meter individual medley (4:30.81) and tying Gunnar Larsson's 200-meter medley record (2:09.3). Then there were those who might not be able to grow a mustache if they tried, younger fellows like 16-year-

old Rick DeMont, a sudden sensation in the 1,500, who convincingly overpowered Mike Burton and John Kinsella, who placed one-two in Mexico City.

The results at Portage Park pointed to another strong Olympic showing by American men, and there was reason to be optimistic that the women might do better than previously expected, too. Hope was kindled by a wave of talented youngsters utterly unawed by Australia's Shane Gould, who held every world freestyle record before the U.S. women went to work. Led by a couple of 15-year-old schoolgirls, Shirley Ba-

bashoff and Jo Harshbarger, the women shattered two of Shane's records and left two others tottering precariously, an affront witnessed by Gould's coach, Forbes Carlile. Stopping off en route to Munich to cover the U.S. trials for the *Sydney Sunday Telegraph*, Carlile admitted to being "apprehensive," then added with a coy smile, "Of course, it's not unreasonable to assume that Shane will be improved in Munich, too."

The assault on the record book began, suitably, with Spitz, winner of last year's Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete. No sooner did Mark

On the way to breaking his own world record in the 400-meter individual medley, Gary Hall of Indiana plows through the butterfly leg.



arrive in Chicago, birthplace of Johnny Weissmuller, than he started making like the latter's spiritual descendant by twice smashing the 200-meter butterfly record of West Germany's Hans Fassnacht—first in a preliminary and then with a 2:01.53 clocking in the evening final. (Spiritual in the record-breaking sense, that is: the butterfly wasn't invented when Weissmuller swam.) Bigger things were almost sure to follow, since Spitz has always enjoyed the 200 butterfly less than his three other specialties. By no coincidence, this is also the event that requires the hardest work—something

that has not always been Spitz' forte.

"I sometimes just go through the motions at workouts," he admitted, "but that's usually because I want the coach to baby me that day or something." After Fassnacht's record fell, Spitz rushed up to Sherm Chavoor, his coach at Sacramento's Arden Hills Swim Club, and said, "Well, I guess I accomplished something this summer after all." Chavoor laughed. "You accomplished a good suntan, Buster," he said. "Just think how much better you might have done if you'd have worked."

Spitz next won the 200 freestyle with a clocking just eight one-hundredths of a second above his world record of 1:53.3, then lowered his marks in both the 100 butterfly (to 54.56) and 100 freestyle (51.47). In the 200 freestyle, the only event in which he failed to reward the crowd's chant of "Go! Go! Go!" with a world record, Spitz lifted his head out of the water for a couple of looks, his curiosity disrupting his rhythm. If Spitz sometimes seemed to be playing in the pool, he was equally sportive when he and Steve Genter, a UCLA senior who joined him on the Olympic squad in the 200 freestyle—three finishers were selected in almost every event—faced the press.

The fast-improving Genter, who qualified in the 400 freestyle as well, was distinguishable from Spitz as the gangly one who had shaved not only his face but his entire head. He also commanded attention for his well-choreographed sequence of shakes and shimmies on the starting block, a devil's dance meant to please the crowd, relax himself and, if possible, unnerve the opposition. "I'm hyperkinetic," Genter explained, tossing a huge grin Spitz' way. When asked whether his rival's manic pre-race routine bothered him, it was Spitz' turn to laugh. "At least I've got some hair," he said, reaching over and pinching Genter's exposed scalp. "Hey, doesn't that hurt?" he asked. Genter grinned again.

But if Spitz sometimes acted cavalier in public, he seemed in need of reassurance as he and Chavoor drove off for dinner later that evening. "Was it clear-cut that I won?" he demanded from the back seat, suffusing the interior of the car with dark clouds of anxiety. A moment later he asked, "How many times did I look around?" Then: "Do you think Genter will improve when we get to Munich?" By the time he reached

the restaurant, Spitz had regained his sense of self. "I felt great in the pool to-night," he said. "At 125 meters I looked over and I saw nobody. I had clear water. I wondered where they all were. That's why I looked around. I probably lost two-tenths of a second."

His performance at Portage Park raised to 28 the number of occasions on which Spitz has broken world records, and he allowed that "30 would be a nice round number" to shoot for. His heroics came at the expense of, among others, Frank Hecker, the 6' 5½" Californian who won six gold medals at last year's Pan-American Games. An article recently appeared about Hecker entitled *The Olympic Swimmer Who Hates to Swim*, a headline that proved wrong on two counts. First, complaining that "I haven't felt right all week," Hecker failed in three of the four events won by Spitz, which meant he is not an Olympic swimmer. Nor did he sound like a man who hates to swim. After finishing behind Spitz and six others in the 100 freestyle, his last try at qualifying for Munich, Hecker, who will enroll in Southern Cal's medical school next month, strode off to console his tearful wife Betty. "I'm going to miss this sport tomorrow morning," he said.

Other casualties included Chet Jastremski, who flopped in his comeback attempt at 31 (51, June 26), although he did better some of the clockings he achieved as the world's best breaststroker a decade ago, and 1970 Sullivan Award winner John Kinsella, who finished with nothing more than a place on the 800 freestyle relay. Kinsella, swimming before a hometown crowd, came to grief first in the 400 as did his old distance rival Mike Burton and 18-year-old Kurt Krumpholtz, a UCLA water-polo star whose fortunes at Portage Park rose and fell like a Canadian mining stock. The unheralded Krumpholtz broke Australian Brad Cooper's 400 record with a 4:00.11 swim in a morning heat. The record was not bettered in the finals, but Krumpholtz finished sixth—too low to make the team—behind onetime record-holder Tom McBreen, young Rick DeMont and the clean-domed Genter.

It developed that DeMont, a high school senior from San Rafael, Calif., was just warming up for the 1,500. Back home in Marin County he has delved into the medieval sport of falconry, trapping falcons in the woods and training

continued





Keene Rothhammer, a high school freshman with a 4.0 academic average, set a U.S. record in the 400 freestyle. Finished third in the 800.

them to hunt sparrows. "It's kind of neat when one of your birds zaps something," DeMont said. He showed that his love of the chase extended to the 1,500. With a measured stroke that hinted of power in reserve, he let Burton and Kinsella play awhile out front and then, at 600 meters, did some zapping of his own. Easing ahead and gradually building his lead, he touched out in 15:52.91, more than four seconds faster than Kinsella's world record, and considerably in front of 17-year-old Doug Northway, a wispy 125-pounder from Tucson, and the 25-year-old Burton.

Burton, a gold medalist in the 400 and the 1,500 in Mexico, has swum in pain throughout his career because of a leg injury suffered in a bicycle accident at 13, but his courage was never more evident than now. All but discounted before the race—he himself admitted, "These young boys are passing me up!"—he wept joyfully at having grabbed the third spot in the 1,500. The brawny Kinsella, far back in sixth, kept his tears within. "I just blew it," he said, blinking behind his wire-rimmed

glasses. "I'll try my best in the relay."

Other than DeMont and John Hencken, an 18-year-old breaststroker whose 2:22.79 in the 200 meters broke veteran Brian Job's world record—Job also made the team—the brightest new faces belonged to the girls. From the women's team that amassed 11 of 14 gold medals in '68, only individual medleyist Lynn Vidali (who qualified in three events), butterfly Ellie Daniel and freestyler Jane Barkman return. To appreciate the pace of change in women's swimming, it helps to recall the time two years ago when a photographer by chance asked Shirley Babashoff, then an awkward 13, to pose at a meet with Debbie Meyer, who had taken three freestyle golds in Mexico. Finding herself in the presence of so formidable a personage, Babashoff retreated into unpenetrable silence. "I just didn't know what to say to Debbie," she said.

At Portage Park last week it was the retired Debbie Meyer's turn to be impressed. Now 20 and bound for UCLA, she has been assisting Chavoor in Sacramento and was at poolside with stop-

watch in hand and, like nearly everyone else, Shane Gould in mind. "These American girls are going to give Shane a run for her money," Debbie said. Most of the team's women freestylers qualified at just one distance, meaning that well-rested Americans will be challenging the Australian in every swim.

One who will face her in the first three freestyle events is Babashoff, a leggy steelworker's daughter whose surname and blonde, apple-pie good looks seemed very much in place in Portage Park, a neighborhood whose population is largely of recent European extraction. Babashoff's grandparents fled Czarist Russia because they were Molokans, a persecuted Protestant sect that, like Jews and Moslems, take literally the Biblical injunction against eating pork and shellfish. The family still follows the faith, and when Shirley, quickly developing into a world-class swimmer, journeyed to Europe last summer with a U.S. team, she refused to eat any of the various pork dishes put before the swimmers. "It worked out fine," she says. "They always brought me steak instead."

After her return to California, Babushoff continued to show progress in the pool. As, day after day, she propelled her 5' 9½" frame through the water at the Huntington Beach Aquatic Club, her coach, Flip Darr, called out Gould's accursed name in a loud whisper. By coincidence, Babushoff uses, as does Gould, a slow, shallow two-beat kick that is common enough among distance swimmers (which both are) but is seldom seen among top sprinters (which both are, too).

Babushoff's productive week in Chicago began when she finished second in the 100 freestyle to 17-year-old Jennifer Kemp, a brunette from Cincinnati who wears hooped rings in her pierced ears except during big races. Almost as tall as Babushoff, she has become a top freestyler in a hurry, having switched from the backstroke just a year ago at the suggestion of her coach, Paul Bergen. "When you swim backstroke you can see all your friends in the stands making faces at you," she says.

Watching the bottom of the pool for a change, Kemp broke the minute mark for the 100 only last month, and her rapid improvement could scarcely have been more timely. Off to a flawless start at the Portage Park pool, and moving powerfully with a classic sprinter's six-beat kick, she outraced Babushoff and the third Olympic qualifier, Sandy Neilson, a dimple-cheeked 16-year-old, to hit the wall in 58.63, the second fastest 100 ever behind Gould's 58.5.

Back at the motel that night, the winner's parents broke out the champagne, offering their daughter a glass, too. Jennifer, the youngest of six children, declined. "The coach has his little drinking rule, you know," she reminded her folks, then wet off to celebrate with friends over cole slaw and root beer.

Babushoff had her best race in the 200 (2:05.21), the first of Shane's world records to fall. She led all the way, finishing well in front of two other 15-year-olds, Keena Rothhammer and Ann Marshall, and then shrugged. "It was a surprise that I broke the record, because it felt real easy," she said. Rothhammer, one of nine Munich-bound swimmers developed by George Haines, the perennially successful coach of the Santa Clara Swim Club, earlier had won the 400 with a time less than a second off Gould's 4:21.2. Keena was joined on the winner's platform by Babushoff, who

took second, and Santa Clara teammate Jennifer Wylie, all freckles and frowns and, at 14, the youngest Olympic swimmer. Keena also tied for cute-name honors with Deena Deardruft, who won the 100-meter butterfly—backstrokeer Barb Darby, regrettably, did not make the team—even if the origins of Keena are obscure. "My mother says it's Hawaiian," she confided. "She says she heard it on the radio."

Babushoff failed to make it in the 800, finishing fifth, but there was Jo Harshbarger, a compact, 5' 3" native of Bellevue, Wash., who will turn 16 in November, a week before Shane Gould does. Harshbarger works out 12 miles a day in a saltwater pool; her agonies paid off as her superb conditioning helped her through the 800 in 8:53.83, more than four seconds quicker than Gould's world record.

Having done damage to Gould from a distance in Chicago, Harshbarger and the other freestylers actually seemed eager to get a closer shot at her in Munich.

"Shane's going to get beat one of these days," Jennifer Kemp predicted the morning following her triumph in the 100. "I think maybe I can do it." Nobody was more optimistic than Babushoff, who was confident she could handle her busy Olympic program. "I wouldn't want a day off, because then you run around and stuff and get tired," she said.

Despite all the rampant optimism, Mark Spitz, for one, feared a possibly less happy fate for the American women. "They may wind up doing a real hurt dance behind Shane," he said. As for himself, his experience four years ago made Spitz reluctant to issue predictions one way or another. "I'm the greatest this week," he said, delivering himself of an Ali-style pronouncement before yet another throng of newsmen. "If this meet was only called the Olympics. . . ." His voice trailed off and a smile flickered briefly beneath his mustache. With a small shrug, Spitz added, "But it's not."

END

Modeling uniforms they will wear in the Olympic parades are Mitch Levy, who broke U.S. record in 200 backstroke, and Shirley Babushoff, who set a world mark in 200 freestyle.



LITTLE JOE MAKES BIG REDS GO

Second Baseman Joe Morgan, who steals bases and scores runs—and hits homers, too—could make CinCY a cinch to clinch the National League West—if the Reds find a way to win at home by WILLIAM LEGGETT

WE are really not the mauling type of baseball team that some people think we still are," said Manager Sparky Anderson about his Reds last Saturday night in Cincinnati. "As for those long home runs and huge innings and that ferocious attack we had in 1970, well, it isn't quite the same in 1972. We can still hit home runs, but we don't have to rely on them. We play defense a lot better, and we'll run at you. We try for any opening we can see."

Last week at Riverfront Stadium the new, versatile Reds even managed to run away from the shadow of their own ball park. For most of the season, Cincinnati had not been able to use its stadium to good effect. Then suddenly the Reds, with Pete Rose, Bobby Tolan and Joe Morgan whirling around the bases, began winning even there. Throughout the first three games of a five-game series, CinCY made the Atlanta Braves look as though they were standing for the national anthem. When the speed feast finished, the Reds held a five-game lead in the Western Division of the National League.

Professional baseball has been played in Cincinnati for 104 years, and last Friday evening the Reds reached one million in paid attendance at the earliest date ever. Pennant fever, now more correctly called divisional delirium, was rampant in a city again proud of a team that had played so well in 1970 and so poorly a year ago. The loud boos of spring directed at Catcher Johnny Bench have subsided, proof that 25 home runs and 79 runs batted in in 100 games will still even the angriest of patrons. Contrary to some analyses, however, the Reds of 1972 are not just Bench, Rose, Tony Perez and Gary Nolan. Indeed, the most valuable Red of this season, and perhaps the Most Valuable Player in the National League overall, is Morgan, the 5' 7", 150-pound second baseman who can fly on the bases and hit home runs as well.

More than any other man, Morgan has returned the team to the prominence it attained two seasons ago. He currently leads the National League in runs scored and walks and is second to the Cardinals' Lou Brock in stolen bases. He has made only six errors at second base while missing just one of his team's first 100 games. Perhaps most important of all, Little Joe has been on base 43% of the time.

"When you talk about the Big Red Machine this year," says Rose, "you are talking about Joe Morgan and Johnny Bench. Joe has done an unbelievable job for us, both on offense and defense, and he's in scoring position so often that I keep telling Bench that the only time he should not get a run batted in is when he strikes out."

For seven full seasons and parts of two others before joining Cincinnati this year, Morgan both blossomed and wilted in Judge Roy Hofheinz' Houston terrarium. In 1965 he scored 100 runs for a team that lost 97 games, and the following year he was elected the starting All-Star second baseman. Morgan finished that season with a .285 batting average. Two years later he was cut down by a knee injury that allowed him to play in only 10 games. Since then Morgan has stolen 170 bases in 216 attempts. With the Reds, one of Morgan's talents which was frustrated in the Astrodome—the ability to hit home runs—is being given a chance under more natural batting conditions. During his best year with Houston, Joe hit 15 homers. So far this season with the Reds he has already clouted out 13.

The fact that Astro Manager Harry Walker and Morgan did not get along was never truly regarded as news throughout the league. Morgan believes that he was just as good a player in Houston as he is in Cincinnati. "When I was growing up, my two favorite players were Nellie Fox of the White Sox and Ted Williams of the Red Sox," he says. "I liked

Fox because he was a second baseman and admired Williams because he knew how to hit and was an expert on the strike zone. I get so many walks because I'm the type of batter who isn't strong enough to hit bad pitches for base hits. I need to hit strikes. In many ways batting averages can be misleading. There are players in baseball who hit over .300 and don't help their teams as much as other players who hit .250. The idea is to score runs, and that's what I'm supposed to do. A batting average is a personal thing. Unless there are men on base, there is little difference between a single to right field and drawing four balls."

With Rose leading off, Morgan batting second and Tolan third, Cincinnati can put together a first inning attack virtually tailor-made for RBI men Bench and Perez. But the prime reason Cincinnati picked up Morgan was to insure itself against the possibility that Tolan might fail to come back after two Achilles' tendon injuries. If Tolan could not return, the Reds would still need speed, and Morgan was the man who would provide it. "The kind of year Joe is having reminds me of the kind of a season Bobby Tolan had in 1970," a healthy Tolan said the other evening in Houston. "Every time he does something on the bases that leads to a run I say to myself, 'Hey, that was me two years ago.'"

With left-handed hitters Tolan and Morgan in the lineup, the Reds would seem vulnerable to left-handed pitching. Not so. Both are exceptional hitters against left-handers, and the power of Bench and Perez makes managers think long and hard before using lefties. Cincinnati's record against them this year is a lopsided 14-3.

In fact, CinCY seems to encounter more difficulty with its own park than it does from opposing pitchers, righties or lefties. When Riverfront first opened on June 30, 1970, it appeared to be just an-

other saucer-shaped stadium with an artificial surface, but it does have some characteristics which cause it to differ from many other new ball parks. The AstroTurf infield is all rug except for spots cut out on the pitcher's mound, batter's box and the bases. Therefore, a ground ball does not change speeds or bounce erratically as it can in other parks when moving back and forth from either grass or artificial surface to dirt. "I play second base anywhere from 12 to 15 feet deeper here than I do in any other park," Morgan says. "A ball bounces here instead of rolling, and you can play better defense. But your hits have to be hits. There are darn few bad-hop singles."

Were it not for the fact that the Riverfront rug tends to handicap singles hitters such as Rose and Morgan, Cincinnati's record this season would be an enigma. By winning their series from the Braves last week, the Reds finally lifted their home record to .500 for the season, 25-25. The team's road record is 36-14, virtually a complete reverse of the standard process by which pennants are won.

But few things really seem to make sense in the National League West this season. Every team but the Braves has either been in the lead or shared it at one time or another. Los Angeles and Houston were the two most prominent teams during the early going, but uncharacteristic deficiencies arose in each. For years theorists explained that "The Dodgers never beat themselves." They do this year. Consequently the team with the best overall pitching staff in the division found itself last week 9½ games behind the Reds because of shabby fielding. The Glasshouse Gang from Houston was supposed to thrive because needed power had been added to a pitching staff rich in talent and promise. Houston's power has indeed come through; its pitching certainly has not. Youngsters Ken Forsch and Jerry Reuss, who were supposed to lift some of the pressure off experienced starters Larry Dierker, Don Wilson and Dave Roberts, have completed only five of 39 games and compiled a record of 13-13.

In Cincinnati there is still some apprehension about a staff which has yet to pitch two consecutive complete games, but concern about pitching in recent sea-



Dashing for another run, Morgan has a leg up on becoming Cincy's most valuable player

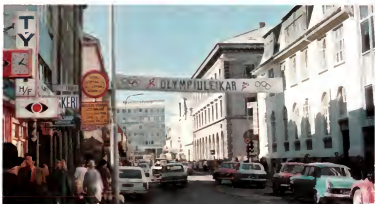
sons has been as common in Cincy as finding hordes of hippies in Fountain Square. Word last Saturday that number one starter Gary Nolan (13-3) was again having arm problems did not help the morale of Red fans.

But Cincinnati still has Reliever Clay Carroll, The Hawk. In each of the last four seasons Carroll has swooped into over 60 games. So far this year he has made 42 appearances resulting in five wins and 23 saves. "Whenever I walk by him," says Sparky Anderson, "he says, 'The Hawk is satun' in the

tree." That means that he's ready to fly."

There is still plenty of flying time left before the race is decided, particularly in view of baseball's newest astenisk. Due to the strike at the beginning of the season, teams will finish the schedule with different numbers of games played. The Reds are a 154-game team, Houston will play 153 and the third-place Dodgers 155. If the Reds and Morgan run into any snags, that "all-important" lost column may be as all-important as all get-out to the Astros and Dodgers.

END



HOW TO COOK A RUSSIAN GOOSE

First, catch a Russian—and at long last Bobby Fischer apparently has, dominating Boris Spassky so completely that only a sharp reversal can keep the young American from becoming world champion **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

On summer evenings in Iceland the sun barely sinks below the horizon. There is a joke going around that Bobby Fischer demanded it set three hours earlier, but so far the Icelandic Chess Federation hasn't been able to arrange it. In any case, it is daylight most of the time, and the only real darkness in the land these days has been in the cavernous interior of Reykjavik's Exhibition Hall, where the World Championship Chess Match is going on, and possibly in the heart of Russia's Boris Spassky.

After 11 games in the best-of-24 series, Fischer (*see cover*) had apparently taken firm command. With a couple of exceptions, his play has been clearly superior to that of the Russian. Until Sunday's fiasco, when Fischer allowed his queen to fall on the 25th move, he had not lost to Spassky in nine straight games. Spassky had won across the board only twice, and the 6½-4½ lead Fischer had built up is, if not overwhelming, at least demoralizing.

Fischer has been working toward this week for 14 years, since the World Championship qualifying tournament at Portoroz, Yugoslavia in 1958, when he was 15 years old. That was the first time he had come up against a Russian chess player, and he met their top rank at the start: Mikhail Tal, Tigran Petrosian, Yury Averbach and David Bronstein. He drew his games with all four to finish fifth among 21 contenders. Since then he has made a kind of crusade out of

ending the Russian dominance of chess.

He says the Russians have held the title for so long—Mikhail Botvinnik followed by Vassily Smyslov, Smyslov by Botvinnik, Botvinnik by Tal, Tal by Botvinnik, Botvinnik by Petrosian, Petrosian by Spassky—that they regard it as their property. "They don't look on me as a chess player who is trying to win the championship," he says. "They act as if I were a thief trying to steal something that belonged to them."

The promise of victory has produced in Fischer a sort of bemused satisfaction, as if winning carried with it some small pleasure he never knew existed before. It has transformed him. He is still as nocturnal as an alley cat, going to bed around six in the morning and rising in the afternoon. But when he comes out of his room at the Hotel Lofíðeldir he may glance with a start of surprise at the enormous pack of letters handed to him, then quickly suppress it with an indifferent air that suggests he has been getting a pouchful of letters every day of his life. He has taken to sauntering around the old center city near the waterfront, signing autographs and peering in shop windows, or to touring the watery Icelandic countryside with his second, the Rev. William Lombardy, a stately secular priest attached to the Archdiocese of New York and a brilliant chess player in his own right.

One off day Fischer wandered into the city for a fitting with a tailor and stopped in at a cocktail party for chess visitors at the U.S. Information Service headquarters. There he drank a glass of water (the officials forgot to order orange juice for him) and amiably questioned a group of Yugoslavs who wanted him to play in the forthcoming Chess

Olympiad in Skopje. He listened attentively, occasionally chuckling as they described some Balkan wonder he would find there. It may not sound like much in the way of a social life, but for Fischer it is positively wanton. Or, as Bobby told his bodyguard, Saemundur Pálsson, "It's great!"

This newfound tractability would have been a stunning contrast even to a normally abrasive Bobby Fischer, but until the last week or so he had been abnormally abrasive. Through the first games of this remarkable World Championship there was not much point in considering the kind of chess that was going to be played. The question was whether any chess was going to be played.

Each session was a crisis. Tension inside the vaulted Exhibition Hall was palpable, heightened by the pervasive gloom Fischer had insisted upon to help his concentration. Only the stage itself was lighted. A huge panel hung above the playing board to diffuse the waxen light from a bank of overhead lamps. The backdrop behind the mahogany-colored desk on which the board rests was solid gray. The only color relief was provided by six potted plants ranged somewhat improbably around the floor. Two executive-type chairs (Fischer had his flown in from New York) completed the décor. It could have been the setting for one of those barren futuristic dramas—say, 1984. Indeed, some said it was.

The presence of the two contenders did little to relieve the impression. Neither Fischer nor Spassky looked like men playing chess. When they took their seats they assumed postures more appropriate to a pair of angry young businessmen arguing over a forthcoming promotion. Spassky invariably arrived first, and

continued

White Spassky walks off his frustrations. Fischer's second, priest William Lombardy, ponders his next move and Fischer relaxes over a 4:30 a.m. game in his jumbled room far from beautiful downtown Reykjavik.

Fischer was invariably late. When Spassky played the white pieces, he made his move, punched his clock and waited. When Fischer had white, Referee Lothar Schmid punched Fischer's clock at the starting time and everybody waited.

When Fischer finally arrived he plunged through the curtains with his hurried, loping walk and acknowledged the light—sometimes almost maudlin—applause. After each move the players jotted down their moves—Spassky with the air of a man penning a note to his secretary. The audience thought nothing of it when Spassky occasionally left his chair after a move and disappeared backstage. When Fischer did it, however, unmistakable suspense filled the room. *Would he come back?*

By last weekend all that had changed. Fischer was smiling, actually smiling, at people. He had even allowed a friend to come to his room and watch while he worked out some problems in the adjourned 10th game—something never heard of before. As he plays over a game Fischer is unlike the intimidating figure he presents in competition. He bends over the board, moving pieces almost too fast to follow with the eye. He sets up one position, then changes it in an instant, his hands darting about like those of a pianist at a keyboard.

"His room is a shambles," said Photographer Jerry Cooke after paying a 4:30 a.m. call on Fischer. "It is littered with magazines, dirty clothes, letters, chess books, messages . . . stuff. In the corners stand trays with half-eaten herrings and sour milk. At the center of it all is Bobby, hunched over a shabby vinyl chessboard."

Since Fischer has entered this new, mellow phase, his chess games have taken on their familiar, crackling vitality. Before the crucial ninth and 10th games there had been something wrong. Although Fischer had been scoring points, the strain and anxiety were obvious. Blunders by Spassky, rather than exceptional play by Fischer, accounted for much of the one-sidedness.

The first game of the match, for example, was jarred by one of Fischer's walkouts and further confused by what looked like a beginner's blunder when Fischer grabbed a poisoned pawn and lost his bishop. (Many international grand masters were at pains to point

out that Fischer had some deep-laid plan in mind but that it did not work.) The second game was forfeited. The third game Fischer won, but it was marred by its setting in a small back room of the Exhibition Hall in deference to Fischer's camera shyness. It was, nevertheless, Fischer's first victory over Spassky since they first played in Argentina in 1958, and an important emotional watershed for Bobby. Still, it was not so much Fischer's win as Spassky's loss, a misstep on the Russian's 18th move placing him under the lasting necessity to defend. American Grand Master Larry Evans called the move "gruesome."

While the chess proceeded sporadically, the Icelanders grew increasingly annoyed by Fischer's early *dram*, meaning nonsense. Attendance dropped from some 2,500 at the first game to around 900 or less in the last two. A newspaper letter writer referred to Fischer as the most hated man in Iceland. One Rev. Pjetur Mannusson issued a calming statement: "I urge those who have been offended . . . to hold their heads high if they meet [Fischer] on the street. That is what I am going to do if I meet this sharp-tongued genius."

Fischer's win in the fifth game, when Spassky on his 27th move committed the worst oversight of his career—a queen move that cost him a bishop—equalized the score at 2½-2½. But it was a game scarcely better than a routine chess-club match. Game 6 proved an exception to the early spottiness. Fischer, with white, practically blew Spassky off the board, seizing the initiative with a pawn offer on the 20th move and not letting go until the champion resigned on move 41. It was a measure of Fischer's skill that even Spassky joined the applause afterward—a gesture that visibly moved Bobby.

Game 7 was a lusterless draw, and even the eighth game, which Fischer won, was marred by another Fischer walkout over film canisters and an appalling blunder by Spassky on his 19th move. "Spassky is playing like a child," said Miguel Najdorf, an Argentine grand master who left Iceland after the game. Spassky requested a postponement for the ninth game; he was suffering from a cold that some wags suggested may have been complicated by "Fischer fear," a malaise well known to Bobby's past foes.

As if to contradict such speculation, Spassky sauntered on time for the delayed ninth game, neatly dressed in a light jacket and blue trousers, apparently as composed as if it were the first game instead of perhaps his final chance. He proved the Soviets are not ignorant of the uses of psychology when he played his trademark opening, P-Q4, the one that Fischer could be expected to have prepared against most thoroughly. Fischer dithered an breathlessly, 12 minutes late, sat at the desk with his head in his hands for five minutes of what appeared to be profound thought and then played N-KB3, his standard response to P-Q4. The hall stirred with an animation only another chess player could appreciate.

Five hours later, with equal strength on the board, the game was drawn. Spassky had outplayed Fischer in the opening, showing none of the shakiness that characterized his previous few games, but he appeared to back off when he had the initiative. Fischer fear?

Bent Larsen, the Danish grand master who lost six straight to Fischer in the elimination rounds last year, said that Spassky was hoping for a few draws to steady his nerves. Fischer was not accommodating.

The American opened with the white pieces in game 10, playing his trademark, P-K4. He is the world's strongest player with white in the Ray Lopez, and Spassky is one of the best defenders with black against it. The result was a game that kept onlookers immobilized with its tension and depth. It was as exciting a chess game as one was ever likely to see, yet it was not thrilling in the sense of daring and dynamic movement. Both sides were in cramped and congested positions, with little action promised. But with every move both sides evoked some visible hazard.

It was characteristic of Spassky's play throughout the match that whenever Fischer introduced some innovation, even a relatively tame or unthreatening one, Spassky reacted with extreme caution. In game 10, for the first time in the match, Fischer deliberated longer than Spassky over the opening moves. At move 10 Spassky was ahead of Fischer on time, but six moves later the situation was reversed. At Fischer's 16th move, B-N2, Spassky seemed suddenly

continued

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paralyzed, spending 50 minutes on his next two moves. Why did the champion seem so indecisive? Larsen said his preparation for the match was inadequate, a singular observation considering that Spassky spent eight months training with a team of experts for anything Fischer might throw at him. No, said Yugoslav Grand Master Svetozar Gligoric, Spassky was prepared, but in a limited area. Fischer played openings that Spassky and his team could not have dreamed he would play. Fischer has a wide knowledge of openings, a broader spectrum than Spassky. He simply had not played them frequently before and had become identified, above everything else, as a king's pawn player. Spassky's preparation was profound, but it was largely wasted. He had prepared for a different Fischer than the one he met.

When the 10th game was adjourned after 40 moves Spassky had a rook, a bishop and four pawns, including two passed pawns on the queen's side. Fischer had three king-side pawns and two rooks. "Anybody who does not see that Spassky has a lost game," said Grand Master Al Horowitz with a meaningful glance, "does not know anything about chess." When play was resumed the next day Spassky wriggled through another 16 moves before resigning—his pawns decimated, his rook threatened, his king exposed. Fischer had seemed to put himself out of reach.

But Sunday's 11th game gave the Russian flickering life. Fischer, with the black pieces, repeated a thrust he had tried successfully in game 7—snatching a poisoned pawn with his queen early in the game. This time Spassky was prepared, and on move 25 he pounced, capturing Fischer's queen and winning the game. The challenger resigned on move 31, the earliest Fischer surrender in two years of tournament play.

Did the victory imply a reversal? To the contrary, said U.S. Grand Master Larry Evans: "With the three-point lead Fischer could have chosen a conservative, closed game. Instead, he played ultra-aggressively. The game is great for Spassky's self-respect. But in the match as a whole Fischer's advantage is still overwhelming."

A part of Fischer's strength was certainly surprise. Not that the Russians underestimated him; on the contrary, they overestimated the depth and com-

THE MINI-BOOM IN KNIGHTS AND BISHOPS

Until the Fischer-Spassky confrontation most Americans never understood what the rest of the world saw in chess. Since the Reykjavik antics began, however, the game has been enjoying a mini-boom from San Francisco to Boston. Demand is brisk for chess sets and instructional books—particularly *Bobby Fischer's Chess Games*.

Proprietors of chess clubs report membership increases of 40 to 50%. Alex Agre of Philadelphia's Franklin Mercantile Chess Club describes the weekend scene there as "gangbusters." San Francisco chess master Jude Acers says his personal appearance fees will hit \$35,000 this year.

The Reykjavik factor has brought full employment and instant prestige to the ranks of U.S. international grand masters, who in ordinary times enjoy a status approximately equal to that

of Gypsy violinists. Three grand masters (Larry Evans, Robert Byrne and Al Horowitz) are in Iceland for the press, while two others, Sammy Reshevsky for New York's B.N.W.T.V. and Isaac Kashdan for Associated Press—are employed at home.

Chess master and teacher Shelby Lyman has become an overnight cult hero on educational television. His phone exchanges with the lacrosse but unseen Edmar Mednis at the Marshall Chess Club in Manhattan ("Hello, Edmar? What do you think?" "Well, we don't think it looks too bad for Fischer") highlight the coverage.

In Atlanta an underground cafe called The Chessboard reports a burgeoning but somewhat misbegotten clientele. Its name has nothing to do with the game. It was bestowed by the owner, Anita Chess.

plexity of his play and frequently overreacted to his innovations, even when they were of no particular consequence. But every game was a shock. The openings were those Fischer did not regularly play, and he adjusted himself quickly to the innovations that Spassky and his team had prepared. Fischer never gave Spassky a second chance. The Russian was shattered by every mistake, while Fischer seemed to absorb most variations Spassky threw at him with an instant, pragmatic adjustment on the board.

Another part of Fischer's strength is that he habitually thinks of his Russian opponents as part of a group, not as individuals. In the past 14 years he has played 105 tournament and match games with the top-ranking Russians, winning 37, losing 21 and drawing 47. But 15 of the lost games were in two Candidates Tournaments at Biel in 1959, when he was 16, and at Curaçao in 1962, when he was 19. In Curaçao he became convinced that the five Russian entries (of eight in the tournament) were conspiring, drawing their games with one another and concentrating their attacks on players from the rest of the world.

In the last five years he has played 45 games with the best of Russia's great players, and has won 24, drawn 16 and lost only five. "The top Russian play-

ers are very nearly equal in ability," he said just before the Spassky match. "They are very solid, and generally well-informed. They're all of them always in practice. They're well honed. But they're not great talents. They're not particularly original, though the Russian style in general is pretty interesting. They play basically straight professional chess and are interested chiefly in their relative standings with each other. If they can win a match by drawing 10 games in a row and then winning one, that is great chess in their book."

"You play chess in Russia because it is an intellectual thing, and the Russian chess players have to be better than those from the rest of the world. Or the Russian chess books and magazines have to pretend that they are to prove the superiority of their system. That's the thing about the Russian players. They don't always love the game. It's work, a job to them. It's like a nine-to-five job. They have to be prodded. The system takes away something."

When Bobby Fischer was six years old someone told him that to be a successful chess player he would have to work within such a system. Fischer declined. "I don't know what that would have done to me," he says. "I don't think the lack of such training held me back. See, I love the game."

AND

Simmering in the basement of the University of Oregon's creaking basketball pavilion is a dim, redwood-paneled sauna. Memory of its 180° heat is sometimes all that gives purpose to a sodden, chilled distance runner over the last half of a winter workout. You can sit in there with your eyes closed, letting the dry heat play over you, until that disciplinarian part of your mind, which has driven you 15 miles in the rain, curls up and goes to sleep, and you can drip and stretch and simply, dumbly, relax.

You can, that is, unless your coach, William J. Bowerman, enters. He is a big man, with exceptionally powerful arms and shoulders, although his legs are slender, having atrophied over the last few of his 61 years. He puts his towels and heavily laden key ring on the bench and sits in silence, without acknowledging your presence. You keep a wary eye on him. The heat builds rapidly in your body, but just as you are about to head for the door and a cool shower, he speaks.

"You know that the U.S. Olympic Committee refused to recognize the Track and Field Federation and actually rescinded recognition of the Wrestling Federation, giving it back to the AAU?" It is not clear whether this is a question or a preface.

"Uh, no."

"Well, they did," he says indignantly.

"I don't know how those old men figure to keep from stagnating if they don't let in new blood."

He pauses. You make another move for the door. He begins again in a more scholarly tone.

"As any institution grows into wealth and power, its practices, which are necessary to maintain or increase that power, can come to contradict the institution's original philosophy. All societies that get rich go through that, including the Olympic movement."

Again a pause while you roast.

"I feel like Elijah," he says, "giving the kings of Israel and Samaria hell for their royal greed, for abandoning the old ways. But then Elijah could call down the fire of the Lord and behead the false prophets, and he went out on a whirlwind. I'm more likely to go out on my shield."

He stands and takes up his towel. "It's understandable," he continues. "They're

crotchety old men, those kings of Olympic House. They don't want to change. It hurts to change." Suddenly he snatches up his keys and slaps them on the inside of your thigh.

"Doesn't it hurt to change?" he asks in a voice of oil and sweet reason as the 180° brass scalds your tender flesh. You try to squirm away, but are easily pressed to the bench by a great, burning hand.

"Sometimes it hurts more," you shout, "just to sit and take it!"

For one important moment before he turns and shoulders through the door, his eyes crinkle; he is pleased. A lesson

but asked that his name be withdrawn. "Hell, I wouldn't have won, anyway," he says.

Now that he has, he continues to give officialdom fits. The USOC made no provision for the expenses of trackmen who qualified for this year's trials in Eugene. Bowerman solicited a promise of \$50,000 from General Motors, which would easily have covered the athletes' room and board. The USOC said no. GM will have to put the money in our general pot and we'll decide where it goes. GM withdrew the offer.

Bowerman petitioned the USOC on

FISHING IN THE RIVERS OF

has been absorbed. You will bear the mark for days.

William J. Bowerman will be the head U.S. track and field coach in Munich. There is no way of predicting what he will do or say in that capacity, but it is certain that Olympia will bear his mark long after the whirlwind claims him.

"Bill Bowerman is absolutely frank," says Bob Giepengack, the Yale track coach who took the U.S. team to the Tokyo Olympics. "If I ask him a question, I know he'll give it to me straight, regardless of whether I'm going to like what I hear. That bluntness is rare. Almost all of us will handy words. We'll circumlocute. We'll try to soften the blow. Not Bowerman. In fact, when I think of Bill, I'm a little ashamed of being diplomatic. I wonder if I might have compromised somewhere."

Not Bowerman. So outspoken has he been in defense of what he considers the best interests of U.S. track and field that the recognition implicit in the Olympic coaching position comes years after he earned it. In 1959 Bowerman was an assistant on the U.S. Pan-American Games staff, normally a prelude to greater service, but when his name was placed in nomination for the 1960 and 1964 Olympic posts, it was killed by an AAU member of the Olympic Committee who felt, quite rightly, that he was unsympathetic to the former organization. In 1968 Bowerman was again nominated,



PLAYING A TROUT. Bowerman dangles on Elijah and how to keep a hammer out of your ear.

behalf of the athletes, asking that at least the top 12 or 16 qualifiers be reimbursed for their expenses and that machinery be set up for such payments in future Olympic years. He is not hopeful.

"I've heard our officials make plenty of sanctimonious noises when they were looking at a guy with a rap on him [Boxer Bobby Lee Hunter] who might have made the team and wondering if his morals were up to theirs, and then they won't reimburse fine athletes, some of whom weren't getting enough to eat. The USOC has upward of \$5 million in

reserves and investments. Now is that money to help the people we send to the Games or is it to draw more interest? You don't have to do it for all sports, nor should you. Those blue-blooded equestrian people have had silver spoons in their mouths all their lives. But we have some ghetto kids in track."

Bowerman actually considered seeking an injunction preventing his own Oregon Track Club from turning over the proceeds from the track and field trials (the gross was \$300,000) to the USOC until the matter was adjudicated. Finally, and one feels, reluctantly, he decided

against it. "My attorney thought it was the wrong approach. If you threaten somebody, and he doesn't give in, you put yourself in the wrong position."

Bill Bowerman came to the University of Oregon as track coach in 1948—preeminently the right man in the right position. His background included a boyhood in Fossil, a small central Oregon town with the remarkably stable population of 528 ("Every time a baby is born, a man leaves town," says Bowerman). At Medford High School he played in the band and edited the school paper besides lettering in

MEN'S MINDS

Olympic Track Coach Bill Bowerman motivates his athletes by quoting Scripture, by cursing, by classical allusions, by practical jokes, by cheating

by KENNY MOORE





BOWERMAN TALKS IT UP AT TRACKSIDE

football and basketball. Bowerman took his degree in business and premed from Oregon in 1934 after giving up on journalism. "I never could feel I was learning anything from those people," he says.

He quarterbacked the Oregon football team for two seasons in the days when a quarterback was a team's most vicious blocker, and in 1931 led the Ducks to a 14-6 upset of NYU which ruined the Violets' national championship hopes.

Bowerman returned to Medford in 1935 as football and track coach. His football teams had a 64-8-3 record, won three state championships and he was invited to apply for the head coaching job at Oregon but declined. "Track men have a higher general level of intelligence than football players and the competition in an individual sport is much keener," he says. "A lot of football players can't tolerate being all alone out there with nobody to hide behind." Bowerman emerged from World War II a major in the 10th Mountain Division ("We made the world safe for Communism"), and when Oregon offered him the job as track

coach, he went. Bill and his wife Barbara, a comely, awesomely energetic woman, have three sons: John, an Alpine ski instructor; Jay, a biology teacher and member of the U.S. biathlon team in the last two Winter Olympics; and Tom, an urban planner.

It is tiresome and by far the lesser story to recount the records of Bowerman's tenure at Oregon: four NCAA team championships, 33 individual NCAA and AAU titles, 11 U.S. Olympic team members, 10 sub-four-minute miles. "No man has contributed as much to track and field in the U.S. as Bowerman," says Indiana (and ex-Oregon State) Coach Sam Bell. The accomplishments, however, cannot be appreciated apart from Bowerman's character.

Few men are embodiments of a philosophy. Rather, they are constructed piecemeal—a principle here, a judgment there—and if subjected to scrutiny, the parts don't mesh. In Bowerman paradoxes seem to abound. He often illustrates his points by quoting Scripture, but may be so earthy in conversation that Boney Moore, his 1971 NCAA long-jump champion, calls him "that obscene man." He is devoted to winning, yet brands recruiting "immoral." He despairs of the creep toward the welfare state ("You hand-feed a wild duck, pretty soon it can't fend for itself anymore"), but urges his athletes to apply for food stamps. His gruff, countenanced manner ("You run like a turkey in a plowed field") belies an extensive, often arcane, knowledge of history and the classics.

Yet any assessment of Bowerman that has opposing values constantly at war is superficial and ultimately incorrect. One encompassing fact sweeps away the contradictions. Bowerman, perpetually and compulsively, is a teacher. His choice of the sacred or the profane depends upon which will be more effective in prying open minds. He justifies the food stamps with the worth of his pupils' efforts. "These men are holding down two jobs as it is," he says. "Studying and running."

He despises recruiting because anyone can be taught ("and those who don't expect a handout most easily of all") and because young men ought to select their colleges primarily on the basis of academic offerings. In 1982 the best high school miler in the country, Dave Deubner, attended cross-town North Eugene. A National Merit scholar who had

worked on a Scripps Institute of Oceanography research ship, Deubner wanted to study geology, which he could do best at a California school, but he also wanted to train under Bowerman. He explained his dilemma, and Bowerman told him flatly, "You can't run forever. Consider your education first." Deubner went to Stanford. To Rick Rojas, a 4:11-miler for Los Alamos (N. Mex.) High who had been offered a full scholarship to Harvard, Bowerman said, "You'd be crazy to come to Oregon."

Bowerman's methods are grounded in a belief that "You cannot just tell somebody what's good for him, because he won't listen. First you have to get his attention." His sharpest attention-getter is kicking people off his team. A survey of Oregon's recent Olympians reveals that a significant percentage at one time or another found their names painted out above their locker-room stalls. But the boot, being a teaching aid, is practically never permanent.

There are other means of instruction. Wade Bell, a 1968 Olympic half-miler, tells a tale of horror: "I never used to shave the day of a race. Bill always made remarks, but I didn't take him seriously. The morning of the 1967 NCAA finals I woke up being carried down the hall of the dormitory by our shopkeepers. They took me in the lavatory, and there was Bowerman with a fiendish grin, a cup of lather and a rusty old straight razor. He got that blade right under my nose before I convinced him I'd do it myself." Smooth-checked, Bell won the 880.

Bowerman has no explicit training roles, preferring to depend upon the common sense of dedicated athletes. "People are taught more by the vicissitudes of life than by arbitrary rules," he says, but occasionally he will give the vicissitudes a shove. During a spring vacation training camp at a California air base it came to Bowerman's attention that one of his quarter-milers was returning from nearby San Francisco at dawn. When the miscreant had had just enough time to undress and go to bed, Bowerman burst in and rolled him out for a bracing, early-morning jog, remarking, as they ran, on the beauty of Marin County. A series of errands kept the runner from sleeping after breakfast. Then, during the midday workout, Bowerman put him through endless 220s while his teammates, long since finished with their training, watched in silence.

Yet after dinner he caught the bus back to the city and again returned in the wee hours. Fiqued, Bowerman dismissed him from the team, but upon further reflection reversed himself. "The man was simply one hell of a competitor," Bowerman says. "Trouble was, he was competing against me."

Bowerman's humor seems to flow from an overpowering desire to condescend. A steeplechaser once found cadids fly larvae in the water jump. Bowerman ordered him to interrupt his workout to collect several dozen, which he surreptitiously introduced into the indoor fountain in a creny's law office. In the warm water, the larvae soon emerged as diaphanous-winged insects. Bill paid frequent calls, beaming at the spectacle of the hatch and the frantic secretaries. Too, each year when the circus visits the basketball court, Bowerman associates are apt to receive large, gift-wrapped boxes of elephant droppings.

This frightening joviality unifies the often diverse personalities of his athletes, if only in self-defense. Bowerman values a sense of common purpose, and annually takes his team to a relatively isolated retreat for a week of "coming together." Dressed in baggy shorts, an aromatic T shirt and some touch of the outdoors—a beret, perhaps, or a pair of enormous, hexagonal women's sunglasses—he leads his party aboard a chartered bus and gives wearying, pun-filled commentaries on the flora, fauna, history and legend of the passing countryside.

The vigor of the man captures the loyalty of many of his athletes. The day before the 1963 NCAA cross-country race in East Lansing, Mich., the first that Oregon runners had ever entered, Bowerman jogged the four-mile course with his team, pointing out potential dangers and likely spots at which to pass. The other coaches stood on a knoll and smoked cigars. There were no Steve Prefontaine on the Oregon team then, but it finished second. "Bill communicated a sense of confidence," recalls Clayton Steinke who, in 11th place, was the Ducks' first finisher. "He cared enough to go out and see what it was going to be like for us. And seeing those other coaches puffing away on the hill made it more than a race. It was a contest of life-styles."

Bob Newland, the 1972 Olympic Trials meet director, played quarterback and high-jumped for Bowerman. He re-

members football at Medford: "Bill always encouraged us to think and react on our own. He never called the plays from the sidelines, but there was an aura of dead certainty when we talked about game plans. He was such a student of the sport and of our opponents that we were absolutely convinced anything he suggested would go all the way. In practice most coaches act like infantry commanders: they like to see the bodies fly. Not Bill. He taught us how to hit, but we really did it only in the games. That way we kept all those fine athletes who like to play football but hate getting beaten up every day."

Bill Freeman, a graduate student, finds the man's sheer competitiveness his most pervasive trait. "Even his interest in jogging [Bowerman coauthored a book on the subject which has sold over a million copies], to all appearances the least competitive aspect of running, had a competitive origin," Freeman says. "Bill was touring New Zealand in 1963 with his world-record four-mile relay team when he took his first jog and found himself running with a 73-year-old man. He soon learned the old man was holding back and staying with him out of kindness. 'That old man beat me,' he said. 'That's not going to happen again.' After that he ran every day, and on his return to Eugene he began his jogging experiments."

Bowerman constantly foments small competitions with his athletes. "But always under his rules," says Jim Grelle, an Olympian and former American mile record holder (3:55.4). "He badgered me to race him a 220 for weeks, and when I accepted, he gave me the outside lane and told me over and over again that I'd run a poor race if I looked back." Suspicious, Grelle looked back and saw Bowerman cutting across the infield.

Bowerman's success has not been limited to guiding champions. He has advanced the state of his art in several technical areas, chiefly through incessant experimentation. He did the earliest—and smelliest—research in rubber-asphalt surfaces and devised elastic cloth tops for practice hurdles so runners could work closely over the barriers without bruising knees and ankles. A skilled cobbler, he has done prototype work on training and racing shoes for several large manufacturers and has made lightweight shoes for his milers out of snakeskin. Re-

cently he developed a special, shock-absorbent "waffle" shoe for use on artificial surfaces.

These putterings seldom proceed smoothly. Barbara's waffle iron fell victim to a hatch of urethane, destined for shoe soles, which cooked too long and bonded it shut. In the early '50s Bowerman found that long underwear, like a wet suit, keeps a runner warmer in the Oregon rain than do bulkier sweat pants, so he outfitted his Ducks in long white drawers. In the following days he was swamped with calls from indignant matrons, protesting the indecency of such attire. Bill stopped the fuss by dyeing the long Johns green.

One August, before the advent of Gatorade, Bowerman tried to develop a liquid that would replenish a marathoner's salt and other essentials lost in sweat. He sent one slender guinea pig six miles under a beating sun and prepared a mixture of lemonade, salt, honey and tea which, when fed to the panting runner, was promptly spewed across the track.

"What do you think this is, the Concord Bleu?" Bowerman said. "If it makes you run faster, that should be enough." Later, he sampled it himself. "It does taste like sheep's urine," he admitted.

The single-mindedness of Bowerman is at once asset and liability. "Over the years Bill has offended people," says Sam Bell. "He's been so preoccupied with what he's doing that he's ignored them. I think you'll find quite a few men with genius are that way." Bowerman's candor extends to himself. "I have feet of clay," he says. "I have prejudices against certain types of personality. But if I have an athlete who rubs me the wrong way, I'll try to see that he works under a different coach."

Although he has had national championships in 14 of the 20 individual Olympic events, excluding the walks, Bowerman's most striking success has been with middle-distance runners, especially milers. Again, experimentation seems to be responsible. "Every kid is different," he says. "Unless you understand that, you can't coach." Eschewing team workouts ("The best man knows, the worst tears himself down, maybe only one guy in the middle gets the optimum work"), Bowerman writes an individual program for each runner, scheduling two or three weeks of workouts in advance. He tests each man's responses to widely differing types of running, and it is not uncommon

continued

mon for two Oregon miles of equal ability to go an entire season without running the same workout on the same day. In addition he conducts yearly goal-setting sessions to make sure runner and coach have the same ends in mind. He expects runners to understand the principles at work in their training so that they can carry on to physical maturity. Bowerman's last seven Olympic distance men all ran their best times after graduation.

He is most stern in his injunctions against overwork. Runners are permitted only easy jogging and weight lifting or a swim on days following hard runs. "The idea that the harder you work, the better you're going to be is just garbage," he says. "The greatest improvement is made by the man who works most intelligently." Runners who are frequently sick or injured are suspected of secret workouts or intemperate living, and "intemperate" may cover a range of behavior. Bowerman once kicked 1967 PAC-8 steeplechase champion Bob Williams off the team for sweeping out his church. "If he'd just sat there and prayed, I would have encouraged him," Bowerman says, "but he was doing too many extracurricular things." When Wade Bell failed to make the finals of the 1966 PAC-8 half-mile, Bowerman booted out of the stands. "Bell, have you been romancing on me again?" he growled.

Bowerman regards women as subversive. In one of his early seasons at Oregon a pulchritudinous jogger appeared daily at the track, bent on distraction. Bowerman effected her departure with a barrage from a pellet gun. Today he appears to have mellowed, often bartending with coeds who come to watch the sprinters' practice starts. Occasionally, however, Bowerman will turn to the infield with a beatific smile as the girls, with burning faces, rise and disperse and the sprinters giggle and slap hands over his newest obscenity.

Bowerman lives in a comfortable, split-level home he built himself on a cliff overlooking the McKenzie River. Projects such as new patios, bathrooms and vineyards are constantly undertaken, giving the place an air of incompleteness. Barbara is accomplished in bonsai, the Japanese art of cultivating miniature trees. Stately pines and gnarled firs 15 inches tall grace the terraces, and the yard is a showplace for native shrubs.

When an Oregon runner visits to discuss his training he may be given a shovel and told where to haul a pile of sand. There is always a pile of sand. Once a truck driver, bringing more sand, knocked down a prized holly. Expressions, Bowerman grabbed the 6-foot hush and wrenched it from the ground.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the truck driver.

"It was an accident," said Bill, "but my wife won't want to see her tree like this. Why don't you take it with you?" He rammed the needle-tined hush through the window of the cab. The driver yelped for some time before driving off.

Bowerman has kept much of his 60 acres in its natural state and has considered willing the property to the county to be kept as a park. (Says Bill Freeman, "He probably doesn't intend to die, however.") He knows all of the great variety of birds which nest in the area, and on summer evenings raccoons can be seen receiving bread and milk on his front dock. Lane County's largest recorded rattlesnake was killed by Bowerman—with a clipboard—on the road to his house.

A recent Bowerman project is a large fishpond which he built by damming a spring-fed creek several hundred yards from the house. One evening this spring Bill and Barbara and a frenetic Llewellyn setter called Gilmesh (the Bowerman cat, which floated down the river on the high flood of 1964, is named Ashurbanipal) accompanied guests to the pond, walking through fields of sheep, stands of ubiquitous Oregon firs, and a tangled undergrowth of wild roses, watercress and poison oak. In a grassy clearing beside the pond stood a large tepee.

"Indians," said Bowerman. "They keep the pouches away."

Using a tiny gray fly and a deft touch with his rod, he caught half a dozen trout for dinner, releasing a three-pound rainbow.

"I have a total disinterest in making money," he said. "Two or three years from now, when I get thrown out of the university, I may change my tune, but now, so long as we're eating well, I can't get worked up about it. We have the fish. There are plenty of acorns around here. And I believe in the ravens. Ravens fed Elijah when he was hiding in the wilderness from King Ahab."

How does he feel about being Olympic coach? "Of course it's the greatest

honor I could ever have," he said, "but I'm a little cynical about honors because the summer is going to be a pain in the lower back. Working with the tremendous talent we'll have on the team will be a pure joy, but off the track it is unreasonable to expect everything to go smoothly. With the talent comes the temperament."

"Our first job is to convince these studhorses that we want to help them, not just tell them what to do. Olympic coaches don't do much real coaching, certainly not unless they're asked. Do you know George Frenn? You'd get a hammer in your ear if you tried to tell him anything he didn't want to know."

A pileated woodpecker called raucously from the forest. Bowerman addressed himself to the question of where the Olympics are going. "The role of all sport," he said, "is to help people learn competitive responses. Beyond that, the big international games and tours serve to increase understanding between cultures. They keep people from being isolated and provincial. Now, you always strive for excellence. But in the emphasis on winning, some of these goals can be obscured. For example, we always dominate the Pan-American Games. I have proposed, and been hooted down, that we continue to send our national champions to the Pan-Ams, but that the second entrant in each event must be able to speak one of the other languages of the hemisphere, Spanish or Portuguese. I have no illusions that many officials agree with me. The USOC generally seems preoccupied with running up the score."

"Winning is nice," he said as he cleaned the trout with a pair of Barbara's scissors, "but you savor that victory for an evening and you wake up the next morning and it's gone. I believe we compete for every breath we draw, but competing well is just not to be equated with winning." Bowerman glanced up at his patiently listening wife. "Barbara doesn't buy all this," he said. "She says I have to win."

"Never believe he doesn't," she said. "He'll die when he stops. It was an effort, but I've come to see that there just isn't any other way people could do these great things like four-minute miles without the drive to win."

Bowerman stopped eviscerating the fish and turned to look at her. His eyes crinkled. He was pleased.

END



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SOME HOME ON THE RANGE

Texans have been called Super-Americans and their possessions all manner of names, frequently with a kind of offhand malice aforethought. Now comes Clint Murchison with a spectacular new playpen for his Dallas Cowboys, and it is open season again. Texan to the roofbeams in its provisions for creature comfort, it is a stadium to render outlanders chartreuse with envy. Beneath that concrete canopy are 65,000 seats, all with a good view of the field. There are no fewer than 86 tiled rest rooms, 115 water fountains. Mindful of his patrons' palates, Murchison peddles the same chili as in his New York Dallas Cowboy Restaurant. Mindful also of the stadium's \$25 million price tag, Murchison has sold 14 double tier of 16' x 16' boxes, 158 in all, for \$50,000 each. As the pictures and prose on the following pages indicate, their frequenters are not camping out.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN





In the boxes the décor tends to be splashy and the people lively, as in Bronfman's sumptuous little ballroom.



Furnishings run the gamut from Neo-Bunkhouse to Late Zigzag. The showiest is the chandeliered charmer



Charles Rush's bar underscores the fact that though the stadium proper is dry, the boxes are damp enough.



(second from left) owned by Frederic Wagner and Jen Williams and widely known as "the French boudoir."



'The day of indignity is past'

When Clint Murchison Jr. set out at last to build his own football stadium—as any otherwise sane person might elect to do if he had a hundred million dollars or so and owned the world champion professional football team—he did it with such imagination that he may have changed the sport. Standing on the artificial turf inside the upside-down bowl of the new Texas Stadium the other day, a former Dallas Cowboy player said, "I have the odd feeling that the game people came here to see is no longer entirely on the field but has spread into the stands, especially into those opera boxes they call Circle Suites."

Artificial turf has made football look strange, anyhow. Take the foot out of the grass and put it on a carpet, and the game can seem to become an amusement, like the hotel ballroom boxing matches staged for gentlemen in dinner jackets. In an enormous, closed structure like the Astrodome, the game is incidental to the place. But in Texas Stadium the game is involved in the place. A tackle in the middle of the field can look up and see himself on TV screens and at the same time see people with glasses of champagne watching him watching himself. And they are all together inside what resembles a Hilton space station—with a mile of carpeted halls, escalators, heating and air-conditioning outlets, 1,433,000 watts of lighting and tourist tours three days a week. All the customers in the chair seats, except the drinkers, are treated superbly, as Murchison promised they would be, but it is in the Circle Suites that the game is becoming a special event—composed of cocktail partying, live entertainment and electronic stimulation. And everybody under the roof can choose to watch what is going on inside the suites as well as what is happening on the field.

A suite more conspicuous than most

Boxholders fuel up in the Stadium Club en route to their plush pews. At game's end Coke Ann Murchison, Clint's daughter, cuts a rug.

has been called, among other things, the Let's-Em-Eat-Cake Room. In order to acquire it, Frederic Wagner and J. L. Williams, like the other 157 boxholders, had to buy \$50,000 worth of revenue bonds from the community of Irving—one of Dallas' neighboring towns, which owns the Stadium with Murchison's backing. Then they had to buy 12 season tickets at \$10 apiece to fill the available spaces and agree to pay dues for 12 memberships to the Stadium Club, the only place besides the suites where the drinking of liquor, wine or beer is allowed. For this, Wagner and Williams received a bare room with a concrete floor and sheet-rock walls.

So they called in a decorator and spent close to \$40,000 on a Louis XIV outfit with a vaulted ceiling, a chandelier with 1,000 prisms, velvet tufted chairs, oil paintings, a refrigerator, sink, ice-maker, freezer, telephone, television and a bar staffed by a butler in white gloves.

The decor of the other suites varies from Spartan simplicity to cubicles that are fixed up in Ranch-house Plush, Neiman-Marcus Mod. Las Vegas Traditional, Psychedelic Flash, Molded Plastic Futurama, Tahitian Fantasy, and so forth. There is a tricky step down from some bars that could turn into a flying leap into the bleachers.

"Nobody has done that yet," says the assistant plant superintendent, Paul Peavy, "but people in the stands are always watching for it. Two or three hours after a game, when we're down here cleaning up, plenty of people are still in the suites having a few for the road, and you ought to see some of the things we see."

Since Irving is a dry town, ordinary fans who wish to arrive early or leave late tend to hang around the specialty food wagons outside the walls. Soon an auditorium with a revolving stage and three drive-in movies with folding screens will be added, making the stadium a \$31,000,000 complex, all to be paid for by revenue bonds issued by a population of 106,000. Those who wish to get out of the stadium in a hurry are carried on escalators that,

Peavy says, can empty 30,000 seats in the upper deck in 20 minutes.

Investigating the stadium halls behind the boxes is eerily like being in a gigantic hotel, what with the carpets, ashtrays on the walls and attendants in the rest rooms. Even before he decided to build a new stadium—after a long feud with Dallas oligarchs who were bent on keeping big events in the somewhat decrepit Cotton Bowl—Murchison was making a list of what he considered mistakes he saw in other structures, including new ones costing three times as much.

"There was a time when you could subject sports fans to any indignity, but that day is past, although most sports promoters don't yet realize it. The Dallas city council had their heads in the sand," Murchison says.

There has been a natural tendency to compare the Texas Stadium with the Astrodome in Houston. The former is smaller and cheaper but has more seats and offers an incomparably better view of the action, wherever it is taking place. "We could easily have closed up the hole in our roof, but I don't like watching football in the Astrodome," says Murchison. "Our fans are protected, but can still see the sky. We haven't totally ruled out the elements. Because of the competition of television, you have to cater to the customers as they have never been catered to in the past."

Yes, indeed, television. The Stadium Club has TV, there is a nine-inch monitor between every two seats in the press box, and the Circle Suites are studded with color TV (one has six)—all connected to the network telecast that is otherwise blacked out in the Dallas-Fort Worth area when the Cowboys are playing at home. Some Circle Suite sets are placed against rear walls so customers playing bridge with their backs to the field can still see the game.

Or, suppose, so Bob Hayes can catch a touchdown pass and rush back to watch himself on instant replay over the heads of people who are watching him watch himself. That is involvement that makes change for more than a dollar.

—EDWIN SORAKKE

CAUGHT UP IN A HELL OF WHITE WATER

by WALT BLACKADAR, M.D.



Harold E. Miller

The Alsek River flows in a torrent into the Gulf of Alaska. So fierce are its white-water rapids and so menacing the huge icebergs that break away from glaciers along its banks that no man had ever run the river in a boat. There were reports of an especially treacherous gorge named Turn Back Canyon with 500- to 1,000-foot vertical granite walls, numerous waterfalls and dizzying whirlpools. The water was flowing at 50,000 cubic feet per second. In comparison, the Colorado, the ultimate in U.S. white-water rivers, moves through the Grand Canyon at 10,000 to 20,000 cubic feet per second. The author, a physician in Salmon, Idaho, decided to challenge the Alsek alone.

AUG. 13 My birthday—49! Looked in the mirror and realized I wasn't getting any younger. Decided to paddle the Alsek alone, though it is against sanity and all safety codes. I've tried for six months to get others to join me. I'm not suicidal but get depressed watching so many patients with incurable diseases. Take-off date next Thursday.

AUG. 19 Busy week. A close friend, who is a former national kayak champion, phoned from Boston this morning and gave me hell, as has everyone else who knows of my plans. But I'm going anyway. Took out a two-week accident policy for \$50,000, which would pay off all my debts and leave a reserve.

AUG. 20 After an all-night drive to Seattle, flew to Juneau and sent my kayak airfreight on the same flight. The boat is a Mithril Vector, made of fiber glass and other flexible plastic material, a little over 13 feet long and 23 inches wide. The seat, footrests and hooks over my thighs are all molded to my body so that I wear the boat rather than sit in it. A watertight spray skirt closes the cockpit around my waist so that no water can enter the boat, even when I'm upside down.

When I reached Juneau, the bow of the kayak was caved in, dented like a Ping-Pong ball. I took two three-pound coffee cans, rammed them forward with a paddle and popped the dent out. There is no visible damage.

I've weighed, in every sense of that word, what I'm taking on this trip—the boat (26 pounds); food (17½); sleeping bag (3½); tent and air mattress (8); life jacket, clothes, wet suit and boat repair equipment (14½); my 86-inch paddle and

take-apart spare (5); float bags (3); toilet kit, fishing rod and two-way radio (7)—a total of 84½ pounds. I'm another 175 pounds.

There was a terrible storm in Juneau during the afternoon, but at 5:20 p.m. I was able to take off in a chartered plane piloted by Layton Bennett to overfly the Alsek and examine Turn Back Canyon. We ran the river between storms, a three-hour round trip. Started flying up the gorge at 500 feet. Then after two trips at 200 feet with, it seemed to me, wing tips nearly touching the canyon walls, I called a halt to the low flying. A kayak would be safer.

The severest part of the canyon looks to me shorter than the 12 miles previously reported. I would guess just five miles long. But it's as tough as I imagined. There are two or three good stops for a kayaker, but there is no way to walk the riverbank and scout the worst rapids. There are too many cliffs that are too severe to climb. From the air I saw a way to portage around the toughest spot in the gorge. Also saw several very impressive boiling pots with water spouting 10 to 20 feet high. I think I can avoid these. There is one eight-foot roller wave all the way across the river that will be a sure flip, but I don't believe it will trap a kayak sideways. A roller like this is caused by a ledge that acts as a dam. The water streams down the nearly vertical spillway and, as it meets turbulent water at the bottom, a huge wave forms and curls backward like a surfing wave. If a kayak turns sideways and doesn't crash through the crest, it will tumble over and over and be held fast in the wave. There are several surge flips but no holding holes and no danger, unless I swim.

Except in the gorge, there are sandbars all along the river, so I feel I can make a landing field for a rescue plane every five miles if I am stranded. Layton Bennett has told me how to do it. I am not sure of the size of the waves; they look big. I was told there is a waterfall in the canyon. I saw a couple but feel they are runnable. There is nothing in the Grand Canyon, however, with as much violence or power.

I'm glad I'm going solo. I wouldn't want the responsibility had I talked somebody else into making the trip. I know any sensible person will say I shouldn't run this river, but it is in my blood. I must prove things to myself.

Now for my plans: the pilot will pick me up at the mouth of the Alsek 10 days after I set out. I think I can paddle the 230 miles downriver (the first 22 miles of the trip will be on the Dera-deash, not the Alsek) in seven days, but I have allowed myself extra time. If I am late, the pilot is authorized to spend \$1,000 overflying the river before calling my wife. Should he find something suspicious like a tent, boat on shore, etc., and no sign of me, he will land if possible or send a helicopter. I have left a letter at home with instructions to spend up to \$5,000 to prove me alive or dead, but if my boat is found swamped and there is no sign of me for 14 days, I am dead.

If stranded I will stay with the river—there are enough flat and open places so there's little chance of grizzlies attacking me in camp. If I am found dead, the pilot has been told to bury me there and not bring me home but to take positive identification to my wife.

I feel the gorge is tough but paddleable. The left bank rises 6,000 or 7,000

©1994 Island

feet; there is no exit because the terrain slopes up into snow country. The right side is vertical rock, not ice, and about 500 feet high. One can climb out in a couple of places without rope, if necessary.

AUG. 21 A friend took me up the inside passage to Haines, 80 miles northwest of Juneau, in his 50-foot launch. Lovely relaxed trip. I go inland tomorrow to Haines Junction, 150 miles away.

AUG. 22 Got a ride with a schoolteacher in his truck. Checked with the Mounties. They plan to fly a helicopter down the Alsek to the British Columbia junction on the 24th to count game and will check on me.

I am carrying one week of full rations and another week of half fare. The food is all dehydrated but common supermarket stuff—breakfast of dry cereal, powdered milk and instant coffee. Lunch—dry fruit, nuts and candy. Supper—Lipton's one-pot meals like ham cheddar and chicken supreme cooked over an open fire in a coffee can.

Wish I had company to the canyon; after that I'll be glad I have only myself to take care of. Water is clear up here and not too cold. Weather is bad.

Well, I'm off!

AUG. 22, LATER Left the road at 7 p.m. after sending the above notes to my wife. River flowing 2 mph. Camped at 8:30 with a headwind of 40 mph and waves two feet high. Tent up and flapping. All secure. Boat tied to a tree along with my life jacket. Four big beaver dams. Have seen two of the animals, plus four ducks. In bed by nine.

AUG. 23 Camping in a driving rain. Started fire with four matches and two birthday candles. Cooked beef stroganoff and am sitting in tent eating it now while I dry off. My watch stopped last night so I reset it by the sun. I'll have to guess the time from now on. Today I paddled down the Dezadeash to the Alsek. The current is flowing faster—6 mph. Fished twice with my eight-foot rod. I was hoping for salmon but no strikes—water muddy. One golden eagle, six ducks, a porcupine and a beaver.

Rain quit during the night. Slept well.

AUG. 24 Good camp, sheltered by an overhanging bank, but since wind and tent are facing upstream, a grizzly coming from the rear will surprise us both.

Big water today. No stops needed to scout rapids. Stayed in the center but constant maneuvering necessary to avoid rocks and holes. No flips, but my heart

pounded once or twice as I passed cliffs with bolts and huge hydraulics—violent currents that twist and turn and grab from all directions at once. The water is now icy, and I can't force myself to practice rolling up and thus psychologically prepare myself for the canyon ahead. To roll up (right a kayak) you lean forward with your paddle along the side of the boat and on the surface, then with one twisting sweep turn your body and paddle 180°. I feel a flip is a 30% chance of a swim. The water is brown, something like halfway through the Grand Canyon. I can still read the water confidently since the crests of the waves are white, but the glacial silt adds power to the rapids.

Lowell Glacier, off to the right, is tremendous. It is a mile of bright blue ice wall over 100 feet high and extending out into the Alsek, which undercuts the cliff. As I passed, huge blocks of ice two-thirds the size of a football field would crack free from the wall and drop 20 feet to the river bottom, then tip outward and slap the water with a frightening sonic boom. These were followed by tidal waves that tossed earlier ice blocks (calves) and my fragile kayak sky-high. Fortunately, I never was within 200 yards of an ice fall and tried to stay in the open so I could maneuver the waves. An active glacier is an amazing spectacle. And I've got three more ahead!

Became lost in the floating calves but continued on to the end of the iceberg lake, where the river turned abruptly. Must have paddled over 50 miles today so quit early but could have gone all the way to Turn Back Canyon, where the worst rapids begin. Plan to sleep late in the morning and proceed gradually, but if I get to the canyon before 2 p.m. I'll tackle it then; otherwise, will rest until noon the next day. I have been paddling in my full wet suit, including boots and gloves, but no wet suit head stall; only my regular protective helmet. I want to remove the gloves in the gorge, if the icy water is not unbearable, so that I can grip the paddle more firmly. I'm three days ahead of schedule and going strong—very relaxed. My 25 ounces of vodka will see me home with spare. Am less tense being alone. In a kayak I never rely on others to get me out of trouble, so I wear a 33-pound flotation life jacket. Water that can separate me from my boat would be so big no other kay-

enjoyed



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A vintage advertisement for Marlboro Country cigarettes. The background is a photograph of a vast, open landscape with a large, rounded mountain in the distance under a hazy sky. In the foreground, several dark-colored cows are grazing in a field. In the bottom right corner, two packs of Marlboro Country cigarettes are displayed. One pack is red and white, labeled 'COUNTRY CIGARETTES' and 'Marlboro'. The other is gold and white, labeled 'FILTER CIGARETTES', 'Marlboro', and '100's'.

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aker could help. He'd be too busy staying up himself.

I have matches and emergency supplies sewn into my life jacket. No sign of the helicopter, perhaps because I have traveled so fast. Saw two golden eagles and a friendly shore bird faster than a tern—small beak, gray-brown with a banded tail.

AUG. 25 In the gorge and stranded—almost directly across from a creek that gushes off the mountain on the left, forming a roaring waterfall. My boat is on the bank in the rocks and my tent 100 yards upstream on a sandbar. This has been a day? I want any kayaker to read my words well! The Alsek gorge is unpaddable! Unbelievable. After carefully scouting the rapids, I found it's twice as bad as it looks. There's one huge horrendous mile of hair (the worst foamy rapids a kayaker can imagine), 30 feet wide, 50,000 cubic feet per second and a 20-degree downgrade going like hell. Incredibly! I didn't flip in that mile or I wouldn't be writing. But to go back:

On entering the canyon I paddled bravely past the last portage on the right and into the gorge. The river narrows from a half mile to 100 feet. I suddenly felt trapped and committed. Stopped on the left after maybe a quarter of a mile and had trouble getting out on the narrow ledge with my long paddle, so I tossed it to a higher shelf where it lodged. Soon found myself in difficulty with the tricky currents and nearly flipped getting out of the kayak, which would have forced me to swim the entire gorge. Once in the water there would have been no way to regain the shore. A swimmer couldn't fight the current and would be swept downriver. Tried to abandon my plans to make a stop but couldn't reach my paddle so struggled out and lifted the boat to the safety of the ledge.

After scouting, I ran the first mile of rapids with tremendous respect—found myself upside down twice. Rolled up easily. Slammed into the cliff once and was pinned there for a lifetime on a tight turn but worked the boat forward and free with my hands—you have to hold the paddle in one and push off the cliff with the other. I'd abandoned the gloves.

Stopped again on the left, this time easily, and scouted for over a mile to a huge 45-degree drop of 30 feet or more into a boiling hell. After looking it over

carefully, I decided to carry the kayak on the left. There was a seemingly easy stop and only a 100-yard portage to miss the drop. There are huge icebergs that have calved off Tweedsmuir Glacier and are running with me in the gorge. I have already hit two very hard in big water. Boat O.K. and surviving well.

As I paddled down to the portage stop in apparently quiet water, a whirlpool suddenly appeared, my boat was sucked by the stern into a perfectly vertical position, then whirled $1\frac{1}{2}$ times around and plopped in upside down. I rolled up immediately and easily caught the eddy as planned, but in the wrong place. I was going to have to work my way to the extreme lower end of the eddy to get out. This I hoped to do by going along the shoreline, but I found I couldn't because of the terrific current. Consequently, I had to go out into the main current, but I went too far. Suddenly I realized I couldn't make the portage. Now I knew I had a paddle ahead! Just then an iceberg the size of my bedroom appeared alongside, charging for the drop. I hurriedly turned my boat around and paddled upstream with all my strength while sliding backward into the "falls." Missed the iceberg which went ahead, flipped and hung upside down while the boat was tossed out of the most violent boils before rolling up. Very solid, very confident in my roll—no question of swimming. I was almost euphoric in my survival and so thrilled I had not had to portage after all, for I knew I would soon be out. Stopped and relaxed for five minutes on the shore among the icebergs. Could not check what was ahead because of a cliff, so continued without scouting.

Suddenly, I was in a frothy mess that was far worse than anything I have ever seen. I don't know how far the hair lasted and would not go back to check if I could, but I am sure it was 20 degrees down with the most gigantic waves and foam and holes on all sides of me. Very narrow—like trying to run down a coiled rattler's back, the rattler striking at me from all sides. I was shoved to the left bank about an inch from the cliff where a foot-wide eddy existed. For perhaps a mile I skidded and swirled and turned down this narrow line. I kept telling myself, "You can roll in this," but all the time I knew I couldn't. I expected to get jammed into the cliff but never

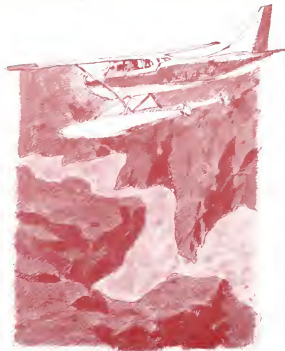
touched it. Eventually, I squirted out into a pool right side up and safe only to flip in another whirlpool before reaching shore.

I scouted on the right bank to what I hoped was the end of the gorge about a mile below me. But I saw an immense cresting wave blocked the way, the one I had seen seven days before from the air. I checked it from a 500-foot cliff and also worked my way down to the very edge of the river. I had found a way out of the deep canyon, but there was no way I could carry my boat or supplies over the treacherous path.

After watching the wave I felt the boat would be stopped before it could climb the crest and be tumbled sideways in the trough. My only exit would be a swim under the wave, which would leave me in the middle of the river heading for some rapids below with little chance of reaching shore. If I did, I would be afoot with no supplies since my empty boat would stay sideways in the wave. I considered abandoning everything and walking to a rescue spot but soon told myself I would eventually paddle the wave if I had to wait it for a week.

So I paddled furiously through the easiest spot to crash the roller, which was well to the right of center, accepting the risk of plummeting into a terrible hole some distance below should I fail to roll up in time. Got my paddle and body through the wave and hung on upside down, feeling my boat tear apart above me. Missed my roll and in fact found I was outside the kayak. My first instinct was to swim to the surface, but instead I snuggled back into the overturned boat. Before I could roll up, the kayak washed into the feared hole. I got scrubbed, tumbled and shaken; rolled and missed—rolled and missed. Finally I caught a breath, calmed my nerves, jammed my knees solidly into the sides of the boat and on my sixth try made a perfect roll and popped up. I found the boat swamped and uncontrollable in the middle of the river. Only the air bladders were keeping it afloat. My body was in water to the armpits, and I was heading for a rapids far worse than Lava Falls (the worst rapids of the Grand Canyon). I made a tremendous effort to force the swamped boat to the shore, using all my reserve. Finally I reached the bank holding onto the kayak by a strap, and as I rolled out on the bank I said,

continued



"shanks." I found that I had torn the left thigh hook off the deck, and part of the deck as well. That had popped the spray skirt and swamped me.

Am trying to dry the boat now and fix it in a drizzle. If I can't fix it I will scout the canyon further, and if there is just the one rapids to go, I will have to try it crippled. I'm not coming back. Not for \$50,000, not for all the tea in China. Read my words well and don't be a fool. It's unpaddleable.

AUG. 25, LATER After finishing all my vodka and feeling better, I have the first fiber-glass patch on the boat: I've used one-third of the small bottle of resin that I had for such an emergency. Erected my air mattress over the boat repair to prevent its getting wet. My tent is up-

stream and cozy. Outside it's about 40°. I found wood for my supper fire. I have solved the riddle of this messy gorge. I flew over it when a huge rain upstream had caused it to crest. I can see the mark on the canyon here 10 feet or so above my sandbar and probably 30 feet above the water level at this time. It might be paddleable at crest, but not now. I started into the gorge at one p.m. and ended here on shore at five p.m. Total running time was probably only 10 minutes.

Slept well after a tranquilizer and a sleeping pill.

AUG. 26 Second patch placed on the boat in the morning and both hardened well even in the cold. Deck solidly fixed by two p.m. so took off—and what a

ride! There was a hole 20 feet deep at the top of the run. It was caused by a rock the size of a two-story house that had about a foot of water flowing over it. The current was sweeping by at 35 to 40 mph, and the entire river seemed to gush into the deep hole behind the rock. I'm glad I didn't drop in. I slipped by the edge but spun around and gushed down the chute backward, crashed into the cliff with my stern but didn't flip. I scouted then for two miles and found nothing else. It's a good thing because I'd had enough.

No more excitement left and I'm thankful. I did flip again in a backward vertical hole—flip No. 7. But though the next five miles of gorge were tough—the river here narrowed to 40 feet—it was nothing like the previous.

Am spending the night relaxing at the base of Vermitche Glacier and glad I'm out. A large gull-like bird came to visit and stood around looking at me. Saw two big grizzlies today and another just now out my back door. I hope he goes by. The bears have not given me any trouble so far. Most of them I've seen from the safety of my kayak and when I shouted at them they would charge to the water's edge and stand erect. It is truly frightening to see an animal that is 10 feet high and as large as a horse growling at you, even when you know he cannot reach you.

AUG. 27 At Dry Bay, the mouth of the Alsek. I can't find the airfield in the dark. Put up tent on huge grizzly tracks. Worn out, so no fire tonight. Nuts, fruit, candy. Today saw grizzly No. 7, a mountain goat, two bald eagles, 15 ducks. The Alsek Glacier was terrific with a whole string of ocean liners (icebergs) coming down the river.

AUG. 28 Early up and found the local "Hilton." Got through on the radio to Layton Bennett, and he will pick me up this evening in a float plane and take me to Juneau with my kayak strapped outside. A man from the Alaska Department of Fish and Game flew in to interview me regarding the Alsek. He said the gorge is too fast for salmon, even kings, the only huge river known where the speed of the water stops fish. Usually it's a dam or a falls.

I know the area well! Too well. I won't be coming back. Ever.

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One of the lingering mysteries from last month's unglehanded transatlantic yacht race—the unusual difficulties in which aging mariner **Sir Francis Chichester** found himself—was cleared up last week. Sir Francis revealed in a letter to the *London Times* that he had entered the race against doctor's orders and suffering from an inoperable cancer of the spine that keeps him in nearly constant pain. "I had been given pain-killers," he wrote, "but I soon realized that under [their] influence my mind was no longer functioning normally. It was then that I decided to give up." He had hoped to complete the trip home without assistance, he said, but was grateful for the help he got when his *mozenmuv* was damaged. There will be no more solo voyages, he closed, for any such attempt would "end in a spinnaker run act on the Styx..."

★ Quite an afternoon for the monarchy in Monaco recently. Two members of the royal family, 14-year-old **Prince Albert**

and 7-year-old **Princess Stephanie**, won their events in a swimming competition at Monaco Beach, while their mother, **Princess Grace**, looked on. Here, **Albert** accepts congratulations from swimming teacher **Charles Schoebel**.

Former L.A. Laker General Manager **Fred Schaus** must have thought he was caught in a road-company version of *The Out of Towners*. When he took over as Purdue basketball coach last May, he said he looked forward to the quiet life in West Lafayette, Ind. Last week he was longing for the L.A. freeways again. Two weeks ago the action started with a blowout on the expressway to Chicago. The same day **John Broke** broke a friend's nose in a basketball game and **Tiger**, the family dog, ran off. Then, Schaus crammed his 6'5" frame into an oilcan derby entry that locked wheels with another being driven by Purdue Athletics Director **George King**. The two shot through a retaining wall and Schaus' car turned over. Contusions and pain. Last Monday afternoon the moving van finally showed up with the Schaus' furniture, just in time to catch a clondburst. On Wednesday a booster bus Schaus was riding coaxed out on the way to Indianapolis. One thing, though: **Tiger** came home.

While his dad was recovering from an infected finger just before the PGA tournament, 10-year-old **Jack Nicklaus Jr.** burnished the family escutcheon by winning the 12-and-under division of the Scioto (Ohio) Country Club's Junior Golf Tournament with a low round of 86, his best score ever.

The upstart World Hockey Association has achieved instant status of a sort. The National Hockey League has started to snap up its cast-offs. California



Golden Seals Owner **Charles Finley** said he was hiring **Fred Glover**, who until recently was personnel director of the Cleveland Crusaders, as his executive vice-president. For Glover the move represented a distinction of another sort. It is the fourth job he has held in professional hockey in the last 12 months. One of the other three was for Finley.

British onetime Golden Girl **Mary Rand**, winner of three Olympic medals in track and field, gave readers of London's *News of the World* a unique insight into the Games last week. In an article titled "The Love Olympics," Miss Rand assessed her fellow competitors as romantics. Her conclusion: "They may be champions out there on the field," but in matters of the heart "they are not so magnificent." Her own record leaves little to be desired. Having married two past Olympians, British oarsman **Sid Rand** and U.S. decathlon champion **Bill Toomey**, her present husband, Miss Rand disclosed that yet another athlete had fallen for her. He was the Dutch decathlon champion, **Eef Kamerbeek**, whom she met before the Rome Olympics in 1960. He was "very sweet," said Miss Rand, and she was "very fond

of him." But it would never have worked out. "He was too possessive." She later married Rand.

★ Did you know **President Nixon** keeps a football in his desk at the White House? Well, neither did most people until the fact came out during a visit by former Running Back **Ollie Matson**, who was recently inducted into the pro football Hall of Fame. The autographed ball was presented to the Chief Executive following the 1989 Pro Bowl game.

Last week's death of Wagnerian diva **Helen Traubel** revived memories of her longtime devotion to the old St. Louis Browns. She was often taken to games by her father, but in her operative years she was under orders not to attend more than four games a year because of the wear and tear on her voice. She finally bought a piece of the club in the early 1950s. The *Christian Science Monitor* once said of her manifold obsession: "There is something wholesome and dramatic about this..." Helen Traubel can go back to her hometown, buy a chunk of its sorriest civic advertisement [the lowly Browns] and still pack 'em in at the Met."



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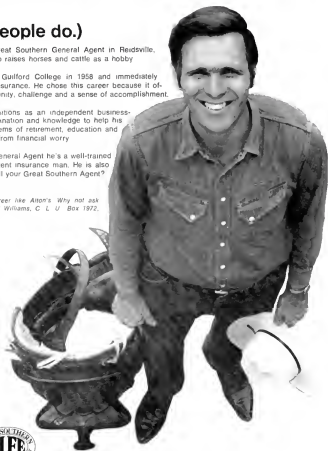
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There are power hitters who rip into the ball and send it screaming off like a tracer bullet, and then there are others who operate more like a mortar: *Whump*, and the ball climbs 30 or 40 stories before descending into some poor homeplate's seat like a fallen moon rock. Harmon Killebrew of Minnesota, who at the age of 36 is not what you would call a transient phenomenon, is in his 19th major league season as the archetypical mortar.

Week before last Mortar Killebrew was on target—he hit five homers in six games—but last week he was misfiring. "I asked Ralph Kner once how long you can stay in the groove," says Killebrew, "and he said, 'Not many games.' If anybody is ideally constructed to perform the eventual task of lifting a ball over an outfield fence, Killebrew is. At 5' 11" and 214 pounds, he also appears strong enough to hit home runs under water. In the next few games Harmon should pass Jimmy Fox and Mickey Mantle on the all-time home run list. This will make him the second most prolific home run hitter in American League history and the most prolific right-handed one. Currently he has 534 homers, including 19 this season, and almost all of them, he says, have come in bunches.

Last year was the first in Killebrew's long career during which he played full time without hitting over 30 home runs (he was held to 28), and he started slowly again this season. He seemed to have trouble getting around on good fastballs the way he used to and he was frequently being referred to with that old epithet, "an aging star." Then suddenly he was back in stride. Just before the All-Star break Killebrew won the opener of a doubleheader against Milwaukee with a home run. Declining Manager Frank Quilley's invitation to take a rest in the nightcap, he cracked one more homer to give the Twins a 4-0 lead in another victory. After the break he hit a low-and-away Vida Blue fastball over the right-field fence, then three days later discovered enough substance in a Wilbur Wood knuckleball to turn it into the home run that beat Chicago 1-0.

But last week against the less-than-formidable pitching of the last-place Texas Rangers he found himself out of the groove again. He did hit what they

call "a towering drive" against the wind to the centerfield warning track in Texas. Even though it was nothing more than an out, it provoked improvised oohs from a crowd that included members of the Mothers of Twins organization representing 232 sets of twins, five sets of triplets and one set of quads from the Dallas-Fort Worth area. One pair of 10-year-olds came up to Killebrew—who is a Twin and only looks like triplets—for autographs before the game. "How many homers have you hit, Harmon?" one twin asked in a small voice. When Harmon apparently failed to hear, the other twin stared at the huge autographing forearm and said, "I reckon it's a plenty of 'em."

What makes a slugger who has hit so plentifully go through ups and downs? Killebrew himself is inclined to let such a question stand as a mystery. He does so partly because he believes, reasonably enough, that no one can fathom, much less explain to a layman, exactly what the difference is between being in the groove and being out of it, and partly because he is reticent about what he considers intimate matters. "That's secret stuff you're getting into now," he said pleasantly when asked what adjustments he might be making in search of the groove. But he does reveal that "You wait better when you have the good feeling. You feel like you can wait a long time on a pitch and still get your weight completely behind it. Then, when the perfect timing slips and the ball starts beating the bat to that good leverage point, sometimes you try to quicken yourself up with your body. Then you get yourself into trouble."

Perhaps everyone has tried to quicken himself up with his body in some line of endeavor, but what exactly does that mean in hitting? Quilley, who took over as manager of the Twins about the same time Killebrew got into his most recent groove, offered some elucidation. "About all a manager can do for a hitter like Harm is make sure he knows how much confidence we have in him. And sometimes you can notice little things he is doing that he's done before when he wasn't going good," he said.

Quilley also reports that Killebrew, who hates to mention his injuries, has been bothered the past two seasons by an injury to his right, or so-called, foot.

A Twin mortar gets the range

This infirmity increases his tendency to open up too soon when he strides to pull his trunk around in order to give himself elbowroom. When the pitch is inside, this early opening may be a necessary part of pulling the ball. However, when the pitch is to the outside, the body must not be pulling away from it. The body has to wait.

But to do what Killebrew has to do, a batter must be stolid only up to a point. Then, at the last instant he must be preternaturally quick. People tend not to appreciate how resistant a thrown baseball can be. It comes in not only as a hopping, sinking, sailing or hooking wall-o'-the-wisp but also as a ramming line of force. Killebrew is the kind of hitter who can pick a fastball off his chin, or chest, or wrists and jerk it out of a stadium. This is comparable to picking off a runaway outboard motor and in the same motion heaving it up a flight of stairs. Last Sunday he gave it the old metaphorical heave-ho, getting three hits, including a homer and a triple as the Twins split a doubleheader with the A's. Way to groove, Harm.

THE WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AL WEST Some National League managers undoubtedly thought it was a mystery when they read it, but Dick Allen really did hit two inside-the-park home runs in one game for the Chicago White Sox. "He's better than Rola Ridge," Manager Chuck Tanner cracked after Allen twice galloped around the bases to tie a record set 40 years ago by Ben Chapman. Allen puffed, "You don't know how

continued

far it is around those damn bases until you really have to run them. Now I'll appreciate the trot." Dick's first home run in Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium bounced over the head of Center Fielder Bobby Darwin and rolled to the warning track. Allen easily beat the relay home. On the second Darwin missed a try at a shoestring catch, the ball skipping past him to carom off the fence. "They came at me like knuckleballs," Darwin said. "He's the only player I've ever seen who can hit balls that behave as those two did."

Stunned by the loss of a doubleheader to the Texas Rangers, Oakland responded with a triple shutout as Vida Blue two-hit the Rangers, Ken Holtzman three-hit Kansas City and Catfish Hunter five-hit the Royals. Following all those zeros the A's went into Minnesota and were shut out by Dick Woodson, who also had blanked the Rangers earlier in the week.

The big hit of the week for Kansas City was a pitch by Dick Dicker that nicked Oakland's Sal Bando in the Achilles' tendon. Bando said something unprintable to Royal Catcher Ed Kirkpatrick, and the fighting began. California's Nolan Ryan held Kansas City hitless for seven innings but lost the game when Amos Dittus stole home for an unearned run in the fourth inning. Astonishingly, Dittus took off for the plate on a three-ball, two-strike pitch to left-handed batter John Mayberry. "I'd be up for manslaughter if I ever put on a steal sign in that situation," said Manager Bob Lemon. "I'm glad Mayberry didn't swing. If he had, he would have planted Amos in the bleachers."

They could use somebody in the bleachers in Texas, where plans to increase the seating capacity at Arlington Stadium from 35,000 to 45,000 have been delayed. Said Owner Bob Short, whose team probably will not draw 800,000 in its first season in the Lone Star State, "Our attendance has not warranted this immediate expansion, so we agreed to defer the addition of 10,000 seats until a complete survey of the first year's operation of Arlington Stadium can be made." Hello, Toronto.

OAK 31-40 CHI 36-44 MINN 31-42
KC 47-33 CAL 48-16 TEX 41-20

AL EAST The Milwaukee Brewers, fresh from losing back-to-back doubleheaders in Cleveland, arrived in Detroit hungering for victory and promptly ruined Tiger Manager Billy Martin's appetite. In sweeping a three-game series, the last-place Brewers pounded Detroit pitchers for 45 hits and 28 runs in 25 innings. Modest George Scott tore the Tigers for eight hits in 12 at bats, then said, "They threw me everything. Fastballs and curveballs—on, out, down. It didn't matter. I hit everything." Surveying the ruins, Mar-

tin said, "I'm not hungry, and all I've had to eat today is a hamburger. If we had won, I would have had a steak."

The Tigers, nevertheless, picked up two games on Baltimore as the Orioles lost seven of eight. "I think we'll have four teams alive in the pennant race on Sept. 15," said Brooks Robinson. "Good," added Jim Palmer. "Our hitters will be well rested for the stretch drive." What hitters? Three times the Orioles were shut out, and three times they had only two hits in a game. Palmer, who pitched the Baltimore victory, joked, "My game plan called for a five-inning shut-out, a one-run lead and rain. The way things are, I suppose I'll be wearing my night arm in my shoe all winter."

Boston and New York continued to close in on the leaders. Rico Petrocelli, gradually regaining the 20 pounds he lost when he went on a crash no-spaghetti diet, helped the Red Sox wreck the Orioles in one game with a two-run double and his third grand-slam home run of the year. "It was a real Fenway Park homer," Petrocelli said. "By that, I mean it would have been as out in almost every other park." Bobby Murcer of the Yankees hit a grand slam against Milwaukee and a pinch-hit homer against the Red Sox.

Cleveland's pitchers were impressive as the Indians won eight of 10. Dick Tidrow hurled 1-0 victories over Milwaukee and Detroit and Tom Hilgendorf and Mike Killebrew also won two games apiece for the revived Indians.

DET 56-44 BAL 52-47 SOFT 51-45
NY 50-45 CLE 49-44 MIL 41-36

NL WEST "I'm surprised I'm not in a hospital somewhere," joked Outfielder Clarence Gaston of the San Diego Padres after watching teammate Nate Colbert hit five home runs, including a grand slam, and drive in 13 runs as the Padres swept a doubleheader from Atlanta. Gaston bats behind Colbert, who leads the major leagues with 31 home runs and 84 RBIs, and spends a considerable amount of time ducking knockdown pitches following Colbert home runs. In one week Colbert tied Stan Musial's record for most homers in a doubleheader (5) and broke the records for most RBIs in a doubleheader (13), most RBIs in two successive games (13) and most total bases in a doubleheader (22). He also tied the National League record for most homers from a Sunday through a Saturday (8).

Houston Manager Harry Walker asked Pitcher George Culver to warm up in the second game of a doubleheader after Culver had worked three innings in the opener. Culver balked, claiming his arm was stiff, and Walker replied, "How can you hurt your arm with that—your throw?" In-

censed at the insult, Culver talked back to Walker and later was fined \$199 for his comments. The pitcher then filed a grievance claim with Marvin Miller, executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association.

Juan Marichal 4-12 for the season, lost two more games for San Francisco, Los Angeles made 11 errors and lost five of eight games; and Atlanta lost seven straight games to cost Manager Luman Harris his job. Coach Eddie Mathews replaced him. Meanwhile, Cincinnati (page 27) won five of eight to maintain a five-game lead.

GIN 31-38 HOUS 27-45 LA 31-45
ATL 48-57 SF 45-28 SD 41-22

NL EAST Not even gamma globulin could stop the surging Philadelphia Phillies. When an examination showed that Pitcher Barry Lensch was suffering from hepatitis, all the Phillies were inoculated—but they still won five straight games, including two by Pitcher Steve (The Franchise) Carlton. "Wait 'til they really get to feeling their oats," gloated new Manager Paul Owens. Carlton extended his winning streak to 12 games with five-hit victories over both New York and St. Louis. Owens, who also is the general manager, is certain that Carlton will not have any salary problems at contract time. "He can have anything he wants within reason," Owens said. "I told him I'm willing to bet I'll have him signed by Christmas."

Owens managed boldly. In one game he removed Outfielder Willie Montanez at the start of the second inning because Montanez had failed to hustle after a ball in the outfield. In another he called on Deron Johnson to pinch hit for his No. 1 power hitter, Greg Luzinski, in the ninth inning. Johnson responded with a home run to beat Tom Seaver and the Mets. New York lost another player to the disabled list when Shortstop Bud Harrelson's sore back rendered him useless afield.

In Montreal 21-year-old rookie lefthander Balor Moore faced the toughest predicament of his brief career: a 2-1 lead in the top of the ninth, the bases loaded with Pittsburgh Pirates and Willie Stargell at bat. As the crowd roared, Moore struck out Stargell on three pitches and escaped with the victory. The next day, though, Stargell beat the Expos with a grand-slam home run.

Chicago failed to hit a single home run in nine games but won six of them, including a one-hitter by Bill Hanes against the Expos. St. Louis fell back, losing six of eight. Despite complete games from Bob Gibson and Rick Wise, the Cardinals still used 22 pitchers.

PIT 52-38 NY 54-42 CHI 54-49
ST. L 45-51 MONT 48-53 PHIL 38-62

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No muzzle for the monster

Gary Player held on to win the PGA championship at Oakland Hills, but that tough old course proved that its teeth are still fierce

All week long there were these wonderfully crazy scenes out there on this evil thing called Oakland Hills in Michigan, mostly of the world's best golfers being made to look like steam fitters wandering through the countryside searching for their kids or their picnic baskets. There were glimpses of Jack Nicklaus hollering at his sheeps, of Lee Trevino trying to laugh the course to death and using a sex-wood, of Arnold Palmer growling at the swerving greens. Finally, there was the funniest and yet the most dramatic scene of all. It came in the dark, misty gloom of Sunday after what seemed that nobody—really, nobody—wanted to win the PGA championship, the last of the year's major tournaments. It came at the 16th hole, the most evil of the 18 evil holes at Oakland Hills, a 408-yard par-4 dogleg to a narrow green, lake in front, bunkers behind. There, Gary Player sent a ball flying out of the rough and soaring over some willows at either a flagstick, the beckoning lake, the hunker or oblivion. As the ball hung up there in the air, Player broke into a dead run to his left for a better view of where it might be headed. So did the thousands behind him. Everybody ran. And ran. For a hilarious instant, it looked as if Player had stolen somebody's wallet and the mob was in pursuit. What they all discovered when they rounded the trees, however, was that Player had run right into the championship.

Until that moment, it had looked very much as if the man in contention who could bogey the fewest holes would wind up being the winner. It had also looked like there might be a 10-way tie and the world's most congested playoff. Tough courses can do this. At one point during the afternoon there were 10 players only one stroke apart and, throughout most of the final round there were stages when two, three, four and five men were sharing the lead.

Inevitably it was up to the last man on the golf course, Gary Player, to hit the one shot that would make the difference, a shot that would bring a merciful end to the PGA and reestablish Player among the giants of the game. What Player did, when he precisely had to, was slug a nine-iron exactly 150 yards—150 blind yards—to within three feet of the cup for one of the most precious birdies ever.

"It was either going to be a three or in the lake," Player was to say later.

It was the time for that kind of gamble. In all of the confusion of the final round at Oakland Hills, everything had settled down to what Player, who had been the 54-hole leader, would do. Everyone else had collapsed on the closing holes. All those Jim Jamesons, Ray Floyds, Billy Caspers, Gay Brewers, Tommy Arons and Jerry Heards, all the guys who had drifted in and out of contention.

The scene was this: Player had just bogeyed two holes in a row and now had drawn wildly into the right rough of the 16th, and he knew as he dwelt on the shot that he clung to a one-stroke lead on whichever of those Jamesons or Arons could reach the big white clubhouse without suffering the loss of life or limb.

"I was really demoralized," Player said. "I'd worked hard, as I always do, for this major championship, and I felt that it was mine to win and here I was this close, but it was slipping away."

He knew the distance of the shot, those



UNTIL HE HIT HIS OWN VERSION OF THE PITCH AND RUN, PLAYER WAS IN TROUBLE

150 yards, but all Player could see as he bent over and peeked through the willows was a spectator's folding chair in the crowd behind the green. He fussed around and peeked some more and discovered that the chair gave him some kind of a line to the flag.

"I didn't want to hit a nine-iron 150 yards, but I had to get up over those trees," he explained. "Fortunately, I had a decent lie in the rough. I told myself that I was going for everything."

The shot was absolutely perfect, even if Gary didn't get to see it land and bite on the green, being as how he was out there running across the fairway. It was the shot that enabled Player to cover Oakland Hills' last three treacherous holes in one under par on a day when just about everybody else played them in one, two and even three over, as Jim Jameson did. The shot also helped Player to a final 72 to go with his earlier rounds of 71, 71 and Saturday's 67 for a 281, and the ultimate two-stroke victory over Jameson and Aaron.

If it can be said that anybody actually lost the tournament of all of those who were in contention, that man would have to be Jim Jameson. Jameson, a good-natured 210-pounder, first came to everyone's attention at the Masters this year as an unlikely challenger to Jack Nicklaus. He finished in a tie for fifth, whereupon he was expected to disappear. But Jameson is a better player than that, a man with good hand action on the club and a good fat man's swing in the tradition of Porky Oliver. He proved his performance at Augusta was no fluke when he won the Western Open in June and now here he was last Sunday, challenging both Player and Oakland Hills. In fact after 15 holes, Jameson was three under par for the round, even for the tournament, and leading. Before he teed off he had said in reply to the question what are you going to do to win: "I'm going to play good and if that doesn't work I'll cheat." Jameson himself may have been cheated by Oakland Hills on those last three brutal holes that Player conquered. More likely he simply succumbed to the pressure of a big championship.

Despite Player's performance, Oakland Hills wound up being the winner that it always has been. This was the fifth major championship played on the course Ben Hogan once called a monster (the other four were U.S. Opens) and no one yet has broken 280.

continued



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GOLF (continued)

There are many so-called "great" courses in the country, and, whether anyone thinks Oakland Hills is greater than, say, Merion or Oakmont or Pebble Beach or Augusta National, to name only a few with similar reputations, depends on the individual's particular taste for water, trees, hills, etc.

Oakland Hills may lack the beauty of a Pebble Beach or an Augusta, and it might lack the subtle elegance of Merion, but what it doesn't lack is relentless difficulty. The fairways roll and toss, the greens swell and run like lightning in spots, it has been bunkered by the devil himself and it plays longer than most any city's pong-home trail.

Gary Player called it the toughest course in America, and to his credit he called it that before he won. Jack Nicklaus said pretty much the same thing when he stated that Oakland Hills had "less breathing room" than any championship course he had ever competed on.

Nicklaus played a rather indifferent PGA, obviously because he hadn't recovered from the shock of losing the British Open and thereby seeing his chances for a Grand Slam demolished. After two rounds of 72 and 75, he was so far behind the serious contenders that no sort of miracle seemed possible. During his Friday 75, Jack was actually seen yawning between shots. However, he sort of brought the championship to life on Saturday when he suddenly took on the look of Nicklaus at Augusta, Pebble Beach and Muirfield.

Nicklaus fired a four-under 31 on the front nine Saturday despite a three-putt green, and it sent him virtually racing down the fairways on the back side, with most of the record crowd bolstering his spirits with shouts of "Get 'em, Jack!" the way they used to shout for Arnold Palmer.

Striding down the 10th fairway, Nicklaus saw a friend, Desmond Muirhead, the golf course architect, in the gallery and yelled at him.

"Did you get to see any of that?" Jack said, meaning his 31.

Muirhead said no, he'd just arrived.

"I just arrived myself," Jack grinned.

Nicklaus might well have been headed for a 64 or 63 at any other course—he certainly appeared to be in that kind of mood. But Nicklaus was at Oakland Hills and Oakland Hills doesn't permit such frivolous things. So on the 12th hole, even though he nailed a one-iron

that looked like it would get him an eagle putt, up jumped the monster to turn the whole thing around—and take Jack out of the championship.

Had the ball carried one more foot, it would have been perfect, but it wasn't one foot longer and it hored into the lip of a bunker. Jack had to stand on his head to gouge at it, and the ball only tracked back down in the sand into his footprint. He bogeyed. The rally was done, and Oakland Hills only relinquished a 68 to Nicklaus instead of the 65 or 66 he needed to get back into things. He would close with a 72, a 287 and a tie for 13th place.

Nicklaus had arrived with the most highly publicized sore finger in golf history, but the finger was fine and didn't seem to bother him. It did provide a few jokes, most of them from Lee Trevino, who put a Band-Aid on his glove and explained to the press that he had a "sore glove."

Trevino, still celebrating the British Open victory, played almost as indifferently at Oakland Hills as Nicklaus. He unveiled a six-wood, though, and announced he was going to revolutionize the tour with it, and Lee took delight in revealing that he was so wealthy now he could afford to pass up the \$250,000 Westchester Classic to play in the New Mexico PGA Pro-Pro at Truth or Consequences.

Until the end on Sunday, when Gary Player outscuffed all those challengers, the big excitement was created by a 60-year-old man in a yellow hat, green pants, blue sweater, red glove and the saddle-oxford golf shoes of his rightful era.

Sam Snead.

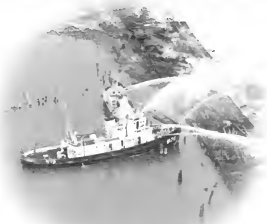
Yes, Sam Snead, age 60, shot a 69 at Oakland Hills for a total of 284 and a tie for fourth place. And the fact that Snead happened to do it at Oakland Hills made it all the more amazing. For it had been on that same course, 35 years earlier, that Snead had played in his first U.S. Open, the 1937 U.S. Open, and shot 283, good enough for second place, which was the best he ever did in a U.S. Open.

Once again, it brought up the question of how much of a sport is golf if a 60-year-old man can come within three strokes of winning one of the big championships?

Well, the answer is that Sam Snead is ageless, and all you had to do to know how tough a sport golf can be was to watch Gary Player, in the true heat of the PGA, but that shot for the ages over the willows and lake of demeaning old Oakland Hills.

END

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Olés for moon balls and a big serve

It took five matches, but the U.S. beat Spain in the Davis Cup semifinals behind an odd combination of soft lobs by Harold Solomon and the booming game of Stan Smith, who put it all together when it counted

Imagine the Los Angeles Lakers playing every night in Madison Square Garden, Bobby Fischer pushing his pawns around the Ukraine or Bambi wandering upon a safari, and you can better understand the dangers awaiting a Davis Cup tennis team on the road. No one knows the peril as well as the U.S., which in the middle 1960s lost three straight years during the early rounds while playing in faraway lands

known less for their tennis than as wonderful places to hijack an airplane to. Since winning back the cup from Australia in 1968, however, the U.S. team hardly has been forced to get out of bed in its three Challenge Round victories that were defended in the exotic likes of Cleveland and Charlotte. Until this year, when tennis poohahs, in a momentary outburst of sanity, decreed that the holder of the Davis Cup must compete

through the preliminary rounds just like all the challenging nations. This decision compelled the U.S. team to dust off its passports and start learning to play on clay again.

Clay is the predominant tennis surface throughout the world—slow, dusty stuff on which the serve-and-volley game counts for little. Rallies are long and adventuresome and the essence of tennis as a test of strokes, stamina and wits is there. Thus came the U.S. team onto the *terra roja* of Barcelona last week for the interzone contest against Spain.

Believing that their problems would be solved if they could stop Wimbledon champion Stan Smith, the Spaniards had high hopes. Hadn't their No. 2 man, Andres Gimeno, destroyed Smith in Paris and gone on to win the French championship? Their No. 1, Manuel Orantes, owned the best record of any European this season and was the leader in Grand Prix points. In addition, Barcelona's beloved favorite son, Juan Gisbert, always seemed carried away by the screaming crowds at the Club Real de Tennis and he had achieved his finest moments during crucial *Copa Davis* encounters there.

All of this optimism appeared well-founded, especially after Gimeno continued his domination of Smith in the opening singles match. But then U.S. Captain Dennis Ralston put the key to a tiny windup rocket named Harold Solomon and watched him explode all over the face of Spain.

El Botafuete, the fighter, he was called by the Catalonians. But what the 19-year-old Rice University student does best is tease an opponent to death. To begin with, Solomon is 5' 5½", so it is next to impossible to even see him across the cord. He cannot serve, volley or hit an overhead and he goes to net only for the handshake at the end. Solomon's arsenal consists of biding time, hitting everything back, then launching his key ~~UHHING TALK. UHH LUNGING UHH UH~~ weapon, the "moon ball." Receiving a shot on his double-flated backhand, he

continued

SOLOMON WAS A THREAT BOTH TO SPANISH TENNIS PLAYERS AND LOW-FLYING BIRDS



A man with blonde hair, wearing a white racing suit with blue stripes, is leaning against the front wheel of a yellow sports car. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. In the foreground, a pack of Viceroy cigarettes is visible, partially open, showing several cigarettes. The pack is white with a red band and features the Viceroy logo, which is a sunburst design. The background is a sandy, desert-like environment.

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arms for the clouds, connects with plenty of topspin and puffs it up there. And puffs it and puffs it. One journalist has called Solomon's game, "A threat to low-flying birds," but in the second singles match last week Solomon was the one flying.

Against Gisbert, and all those *olés* that always accompany the handsome Spaniard in Barcelona, the young American dashed around, changed pace, moonballed it all over the place and simply administered punishment by way of patience. He beat the Spaniard in five sets and won the most crucial U.S. Davis Cup point in several years. Suspended by darkness, played over two days and possessed of enough passion and nerve to last a lifetime, Solomon's accomplishment merely evened the matches on the scoreboards. But, following in the wake of Smith's sluggish defeat, it also aroused the entire U.S. contingent and inspired the eventual 3-2 victory.

Even before the matches began, the U.S. cause was helped by a certain amount of confusion in the Spanish ranks. Two weeks earlier, Gimeno, a former WCT veteran who had given up the pro life to compete for his country, had suffered ingrown boils and been unable to play against Czechoslovakia. Gisbert, Orantes' regular doubles partner, stepped in and won both his singles matches to again become a national hero. So now the question was, who was No. 2 for Spain?

The Spaniards are consistently bewildered by Gisbert, a wealthy hotel owner's son who grew up on the courts of the Club Real and graduated from the University of Barcelona Law School. To them he is *el diablo personificado*, due to his momentous Davis Cup collapses away from Spain and his yeoman work at home. "Gisbert is like another man here," said Jaime Bartoli, the Spanish captain. "This is his *pista mágica*, his magic court." So Bartoli decided to bench Gimeno and play Gisbert and Orantes against the Americans. When his choice was announced on the day of the draw, it almost caused another Spanish inquisition among the press and public, who wanted to know why Gimeno, the conqueror of both Smith and Solomon in their most recent meetings, was not playing.

For his own part Gimeno was furious. But that same day Orantes tore a muscle in his upper back while prac-

ticing on center court, and suddenly the odd man out was back on the first team. "Twenty-four hours after they tell me I am not deserving, they tell me I have to play," fumed Gimeno. "You can imagine how I feel. But I have to play. I am member of the team. I do my best and I think I heat Stan."

On Friday, with the familiar gazpacho-colored clay underfoot, the gangly, balding Gimeno did just that. The packed-in crowd of 8,000 watched Gimeno lose the first set 6-8 and get down 3-4, 15-40 in the eighth game of the second. But then Smith double-faulted twice, lost his serve and, soon after, all control of the match as well. Aching to prove himself, Gimeno broke again in six of Smith's next eight service games while pulling out backhand returns from somewhere inside his white terry-cloth cap. The final was 6-8, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4, and the American was humbled. The unexpected success—and now there was only the lightly regarded Solomon against Conquistador Gisbert—created tumult in all corners. Spain was on its way.

Law Hoad, the former Australian champion who coaches the Spanish team, had figured on two sure points against the college boy and either a victory in the doubles or one over Smith to clinch the match. But Ralston saw it differently. "We've got a surprise for them," he said earlier in the day. "A star is born right here. Soify just might win twice."

Now, under special pressure, Solomon had to win at least once. "I didn't come here to lose," he said. "I just want to move my feet and throw him some moons."

In truth Gisbert should have won the match in straight sets and buried Solomon and the U.S. team right away. But, ahead by 5-3 in the first and second sets and serving for both, he folded. As the crowd roared at Martini, the toothless Italian referee, "Fredda, Ma-fiora. Venderla, spaghetti." Solomon broke through with deft passing shots to lead 9-7, 7-5.

Gisbert, fighting angry and glaring at his youthful adversary as if he should be ashamed of himself, dashed off the next set as love when Solomon was reduced almost to spectator status by a cramp in the wrist. Fortunately, the light was failing and play was suspended until mañana.

Solomon knew full well the situation

facing him. If he could not recover and defeat Gisbert, Spain would have a commanding 2-0 lead and, almost as important, if the matches ultimately came down to a decisive Gisbert-Smith confrontation on Monday, the Spaniard would be riding confidently atop his wave of recent victories.

The next afternoon Gisbert came out swarming the net and attacking everything to sweep the fourth set 6-1. He played so well it was frightening. But in the first game of the fifth set Solomon lunged for a backhand, barely caught the ball and won an amazing point that he himself confessed he didn't even see. Gisbert stared after the ball, glared once more and must have known his spell was broken.

Wearing now in the Mediterranean sun and oblivious to the chants of "Gisbert! Gisbert!" from his partisans, the Spaniard faltered and dropped his last three service games of the set. Exhausted, and with his nerves strung out, Solomon threw away his own final two service games but he kept the pressure on and finally won, 6-4, when he skipped around his backhand and slashed a return past Gisbert on the second match point.

"It's moon-ball city," crowed Eric Van Dillen, who helped Smith win the critical doubles match next day. LA ELIMINADORA EN EL AIRE screamed the headlines, but then the moon ball failed on Monday against Gimeno. Solomon lost 6-3, 6-1, 2-6, 6-2 and emotional Latins suddenly realized that they were still in the running. And they still had Gisbert and his *pista mágica* against Smith.

But it turned out that Stan Smith had some magic of his own: the big serve and power game that had deserted him so badly on Friday. Smith outfought the Spaniard in three dramatic sets, 11-9, 10-8, 6-4, sending the U.S. into the Davis Cup Challenge Round for the 48th time.

But when the Americans play Rumania in Bucharest in October it will be their first Davis Cup appearance behind the Iron Curtain—and Ilie Nastase already has served hyperbolic warning the matches will be held in a football stadium before 35,000 people, and that the Americans "will have chance of zero."

Whatever the Rumanian equivalent of *olé*, the Americans had better be ready to hear a lot of it.

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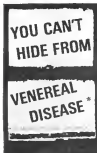
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Fed up with his Colts, Carroll Rosenbloom traded for the Rams



ROSENBLUM GREET'S BROWNS' OWNER ART MODELL, WHO HURT WRIST IN ACCIDENT

Largely by dint of intercepting four passes and recovering two fumbles the Los Angeles Rams won a lackadaisical victory over the Cleveland Browns in their first exhibition game last weekend. The score, if that means anything—and it does not—was 13-3. Tommy Prothro, the chess- and bridge-playing coach of the Rams, enjoyed long and searching looks at people like John Walton, who has been a taxi-squad quarterback for three years—and after completing two of 12 for 12 yards seems to be doomed to a fourth—while Nick Skorch, the vegetable-raising coach of the Browns, looked at some of his equally obscure personnel.

But in one sense the game was historic. For the first time, a team which had been traded, *in toto*, for another team, was playing for its new owner. Sitting in the second deck of the press box, in an area previously reserved for free-loaders, was Carroll Rosenbloom, who acquired the Rams by trading with the new owners of the Baltimore Colts, a team he had just sold.

A fine judge of assets fiscal and football, Rosenbloom must have been pleased with what he saw on the field—and in the stands. While Prothro had his quality players in the game, the Rams played brisk, crisp football. Neither team used its No. 1 quarterback; Roman Gabriel is recovering from a collapsed lung

and the Browns, for one reason or another, are trying again to determine whether Mike Phipps can replace Bill Nelsen. Phipps looked O.K., but if his knees hold up, Nelsen needn't worry. Neither, for that matter, should Gabriel, with his reinflated lung.

Rosenbloom had been trying to get out of Baltimore for a long time, but especially after three exhibition games there last season drew an average paying crowd—if that's the right word—of 16,000. By contrast, last week's exhibition drew 64,803.

The original suggestion that Rosenbloom should take over the Rams came in 1968 from Dan Reeves, who then owned the club. The Colts had gone to Los Angeles, leading the Rams by a game and a half and needing only a tie to clinch the division title. Reeves and Rosenbloom, old and close friends, met on the field while the teams were warming up. Reeves was wan and drawn, suffering from the terminal cancer that was to kill him in 1971. They chatted a while, then walked to the sideline and sat on the Los Angeles bench.

"One of the tough things about this business," Reeves said, "is when you come to an important game like this against a good friend. You don't like to beat your friends, but you sure as hell don't want to lose."

Reeves was quiet for a moment, then said, "My number can come up any time now. The Rams are an important franchise and I don't think my family will keep the club after I'm gone."

"You'll be here a long time after I will," Rosenbloom said. "You're too mean to go now. Only the good die young."

Reeves smiled and went on. "I don't think you belong in Baltimore anymore," he said. "If I do go before you do, I hope you will give serious thought to acquiring this franchise."

The Colts won the game 28-24, and Rosenbloom forgot about the conversation, even though Reeves had been right in saying that he no longer belonged in Baltimore. Rosenbloom had bought the Colts in 1953 at the urging of Bert Bell, an old friend and the NFL commissioner. Rosenbloom did not particularly want a pro franchise, but he gave in to Bell. In the next 19 years he built the Colts into a powerhouse but, in the late '60s, the fans and some writers grew restless and critical.

"I had a special lunch for the sports-writers this past year," Rosenbloom said last week. "I told them I had only one question to ask. I said, 'What's wrong? Where have we failed? We used to have a good relationship here and now we don't. What can we do?'"

continued

There was a long silence before Neal Eskridge of the *Baltimore News American* stood up and said, "I guess it's just that we're so used to winning."

"You mean it would be better if we lost?" Rosenbloom said, and there was no answer.

For some time Rosenbloom had been unhappy with the Baltimore Memorial Stadium and even offered to build his own \$10 million plant on the outskirts of the city. "The city fathers didn't want that," he said. "They wanted the Colts in the city because they thought it would be a knock on Baltimore if we moved out. For years they made innumerable promises about fixing up the stadium but nothing happened."

The city fathers did something only when Rosenbloom threatened to move to Tampa, a scheme that was thwarted when Commissioner Pete Rozelle came out against it. Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel, a strong Colt fan, Baltimore Mayor William Donald Schaeffer and Bill Boucher, executive director of

the Greater Baltimore Organization, combined to push through plans for the stadium, but it was too late.

In the meantime Reeves had died, and his heirs were looking for someone to buy the franchise. At one point Rosenbloom suggested that he turn over the Colts to his son, Steve, and buy the Rams, but Rozelle vetoed that plan, too. No one can own parts of two franchises in the NFL, and a father-and-son tandem seemed uncomfortably close to dual ownership.

In Miami, Joe Robbie of the Dolphins, no friend of Rosenbloom's, had fired Joe Thomas, his capable director of player personnel. Rosenbloom called Thomas to see how he could help him. The call, eventually, had far-reaching results. "Joe said the only other owner who called him was Al Davis," Rosenbloom said. "I respect Al for that. I think Thomas has talent and all I wanted to do was see that he would stay in pro football. I suggested he start his own scouting group and that the Colts

and Raiders would use his services."

A dozen or so groups had approached Rosenbloom hoping to buy the Colts, but each deal had fallen through. Rozelle suggested that Rosenbloom sell the Colts and buy the Rams, but the tax picture was not a happy one. A straight cash sale would have meant that Rosenbloom would have had to pay on the order of \$4.4 million in capital gains. "That wouldn't have been fair to my family," he said. "If something happened to me after the sale, they would have been taxed again on the estate—a tax on a tax."

Finally, Rozelle suggested that Thomas, who had been instrumental in the Dolphin purchase, might have buyers available for the Colts, and indeed he did. One was Willard Keland, who had been squeezed out of the Dolphin franchise by Robbie. Keland and an associate, Clem Ryan, agreed to buy the Rams for \$19 million, then trade the team to Rosenbloom for the Colts.

Late in the negotiation Keland and

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Ryan were shy of money so Thomas came up with Robert F. Isray, a heating and air-conditioning executive from Skokie, Ill. Isray met with the negotiators in the coffee shop of the Lombardy Hotel in New York. None of them knew him well and the first question asked was whether or not he had \$5 million to clinch the deal, since another buyer had made an offer for the Rams. Isray, a big, quiet man, said, "I *could* have." As it turned out, he *did* have—and more. Keland and Ryan dropped out, leaving Isray with the entire \$19 million bill.

The deal was reported in detail in *The Tax Coordinator*, a pamphlet that deals in income-tax matters for large investors. "A three-way deal for a tax-free switch of two football teams may point the way to possible similar switches of other businesses," the article stated.

When Rosenbloom arrived in Los Angeles to take over his new franchise, he ran into trouble. "I was just sitting down to lunch with some city officials when Don Klosterman called me," he said,

Klosterman was Rosenbloom's general manager with the Colts and is his assistant with the Rams. "He told me Roman Gabriel had just been carried off the practice field in Long Beach with a collapsed lung."

Gabriel's lung collapsed while he was warming up, a bleb on the surface rupturing. John Unitas had come back in three weeks after a shattered rib punctured a lung during a game, so Rosenbloom was not unduly concerned.

"I went by the hospital to see Gaibe, but he was asleep," he said. "The nurse said he left word to be awakened when I came by, but I told her he needed sleep more. I left him a note: 'It was refreshing to see you as I remember you, sound asleep and on your back.'"

One of Rosenbloom's major assets as an owner is an unusual sympathy for and rapport with his players. He established this almost immediately with the Rams. Lamar Lundy, a longtime Los Angeles defensive end, has been gravely ill with myasthenia gravis for a year and

is almost totally paralyzed. Soon after Rosenbloom got the club, the Ram veterans met to take up a collection for Lundy. Rosenbloom attended the meeting. "I think it is wonderful that you fellows want to help Lamar," he said. "The Colt club was a family and I hope this one will be. We take care of our own. I just want you to know that all of Lamar's expenses, medical and otherwise, will be taken care of."

Later, Rosenbloom visited Lundy in his home, collected all outstanding bills from his wife, established a bank account for her and put Lundy on the club payroll as a scouting consultant.

When Rosenbloom left Baltimore, there was an unusual outpouring of affection from the Colt players. Said Linebacker Mike Curtis: "I hate to see Carroll go. He was a damn good owner. It wasn't the coaches who made Baltimore a winner for 14 years." The Rams appreciate Rosenbloom, too. They gave him the game ball after beating Cleveland.

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Gerri DeBusschere

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The former Susan Marr

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Eni Garney



If you have the impression that being married to a professional athlete is glamorous, fun, ego-building, frustrating or plain for the birds, you're only half right. Eight wives—and one ex—tell it like it is, and was

by JEANNETTE BRUCE



Linda Sayers

By and large the athlete's wife could give Miss America a run for her money, and why not? An athlete gets around, takes his pick. His wife is usually the sharpest, prettiest girl in her crowd. She is his high school or college sweetheart, or a homecoming queen, a stewardess, a registered nurse, a schoolteacher. She is almost never the girl who hangs around arenas and ball parks. The sports wife is fiercely independent—a quality that seems more innate than acquired. Her ego is highly developed. She does not take kindly to cages. "A clinging vine does not survive," said one wife. She has a problem: establishing an identity in a spotlight that seeks out only him. Another problem: she must actively work at handling the strain of a playoff, a World Series, a Super Bowl or the sudden screech of tires at Indy. Otherwise, being married to an athlete is much like being married to anyone else: squabbles, adjustments, the birth of babies, the marking of time—the agonies a bit more exquisite, perhaps, because he marches to a louder drummer. . . . If she is smart, the athlete's wife develops a sense of humor.

Diane Sadecki's husband, Ray, likes to tell about the time he was to be demoted to the Cardinals' Atlanta farm team. "I went home and told my wife, 'I've got bad news for you. We're being sent down to the minors.' Diane gives me a look, and says, 'Oh, no. I married a major-leaguer. You got sent down. I'm staying here.'"

What I've been reading and hearing all winter is that the Giants don't want me. I think I'm in my prime.

—HAL LANIER, 1970

Three years ago, in December of 1969 to be exact, Nancy Lanier, wife of the then San Francisco Giant shortstop, Hal Lanier, telephoned some of the other baseball wives in the Bay Area. Have you heard? the conversation began each time. Have you heard that Diane Sadecki has been traded to the Mets? In 1972, by her own account, Nancy got traded to the Yankees. Well, obviously, the wives get traded too, along with babies, the washing machine, stereos and all the other stuff that will make a house a home—somewhere.

Tall and shapely, Nancy's long fin-

gers curled around a vodka martini at the bar of a restaurant called Shadows in San Mateo, Calif. "We knew for about two years that it was going to come sometime," she said. "It was like standing around waiting for the ax to fall. You know it's going to drop, but you don't know when. Don't ever let a player tell you that he's perfectly happy and on top of things, and then to his astonishment gets traded."

Hal Lanier had spent his entire career with the Giants. Most of the players called him Maxie after his father, Pitcher Max Lanier. Willie Mays started that when Hal was 10 years old.

"This was home to Hal, security," said Nancy. "His ego was involved. What hurt him most was leaving his friends. I felt the hurt he was feeling. But after you get over the initial shock, you dry your tears and say, 'Hey, this is great! Now, I've got a whole new start, a new chance, a great ball club to play for.' Then you start making plans, and this whole thing takes place in 48 hours. You don't have time to sit around licking your wounds. You lick them once and get going." But a licked wound is not necessarily a healed wound. Of course, anyone with intelligence understands the owner's point of view, Nancy conceded. "It would be like someone who had a cattle ranch and made a pet of all of his cows. He wouldn't want to send them to market, would he? So the owner remains detached."

The waiter bustled over. "Well, Mrs. Lanier," he said. "I guess we can't use that old joke anymore, can we? You know, the one that goes, the Giants aren't drinking beer anymore, they've lost their openers." He laughed and retreated.

Nancy shook her head. "Obviously, he doesn't know I've been traded."

They gripe like Army drifters, the girls do, but few would deny the compensations: the nonregimentation, the peculiar mobility, the excitement of homecomings, long winter or summer holidays together, depending upon the sport. But glamorous? About as glamorous as being married to a traveling salesman, said one wife. He's gone and before he gets back the plumbing goes haywire, the car breaks down, she's standing in grass up to her kneecaps.

"Marriages," said Nancy Lanier, "are

conducted on the telephone. Oh, I smile when I see those girls hanging around the ball park, so in love with the cute ball-players. Take emergencies, for example. There is something in the rule book that says a husband can't be around for any emergency, disaster or occasion. Terrific! But then nothing ever happens when they're home anyway. Never! Perfect harmony. Not a snuffle. No one even gets a splinter. Last year Hal and I were separated during spring training due to the birth of our daughter. She was born the day he left—naturally. She was due two weeks before he left, but nothing happened. I said to Hal, 'If you will just leave, I'll have this baby.' So he left at seven in the morning and by midnight I was in labor." Even babies mind the rule book.

I quit. I believe one of the marks of a successful race driver is that he can retire in one piece.

—DAN GURNEY, 1970

Evi Gurney, housewife, sort of, Lovely home, beautiful girl; a bit more reserved than Nancy Lanier. A native of West Germany, Evi was doing public relations for Porsche when she met Dan. She was no stranger to the track and, unlike most women, she can listen to long monologues about changed stock blocks without falling asleep.

"The less you know about the business the better off you are," she said. "People ask me how I could bear to watch Dan race. I don't know. I was a nervous wreck and still suffer from it. The night before, you don't talk much about it. You look at each other and you know, but you don't talk about it. I was in bad shape because I had already lost so many friends. You give a party, and suddenly they're gone. So when I married Dan I knew very well what I was getting into, but still I didn't know. It was different, closer. Dan gets frustrated at times that he's not racing anymore. It comes and goes. He misses the competitiveness, I think."

"The last race was the worst for me. I never knew if Dan would really go through with it, the retirement, or maybe he'd change his mind at the last minute. Very few say, here is my helmet, that's it. I was always worried, but there was a little extra fear in that last race. Emo-

tion doesn't show on the outside. When you go to the races you see the wives. You wouldn't guess what they're going through, unless you look at their hands. Their hands give them away."

When you're through playing, when you're older, you go back to your friends.

—DAVE DEBUSSCHERE, 1970

Harry Stevens' restaurant, in the Madison Square Garden complex, is a basketball hangout. On game night it may be difficult to get a reservation if you're not into the basketball scene but Gerri DeBusschere is treated like a queen. She gets the special attention accorded the wife of a Knuck star. Gerri, a native New Yorker, takes it in stride.

"It's hard for me to believe that I'm going to have to live in Detroit when Dave retires," she said, "but Detroit is where Dave is from and that's what he loves. The day I got married four years ago, I walked down the aisle and said to myself, 'Gerri, here you are in Detroit for the rest of your life,' and when he got traded to the Knicks I couldn't believe it. I was walking on air.

"When Dave played in Detroit, it wasn't the same at all. Everyone knew him there. So he played basketball; big deal. It wasn't this do a banquet here and do a banquet there, now do a commercial here. There's so much of that in New York. I guess they give him credit because he was the last piece fitted into the whole. Willis [Reed] wasn't comfortable playing forward, so when Dave came along Willis became the center and Walt [Frazier] went into a starting position and everything clicked. The whole team kind of jelled.

"Dave minds the travel now more than I do. He misses watching the kids grow up. For instance, he'd be gone for two weeks and when he got home our daughter, who was younger then, didn't know him. It broke his heart. He used to do all sorts of things to get her attention. Now, on a game day at home, if the weather is nice, he takes her to the park and sits on a bench and does a crossword puzzle. Sometimes he just sleeps. It isn't the exhaustion of traveling. He's been doing it for so long that his body is geared to it. Sometimes at home, when I want him to do something, he will say, 'Oh, I'm too tired to do that to-

continued



Cynthia Washington

Narry Lanier



Frances Backstrom

Barbara Robinson



day,' and I say, 'Come on, don't give me that.' The guys are all very physical. They do what they have to do no matter how tired they are.

"When Dave is away, I keep busy. I take tennis lessons and belong to a health club. I'm having a ball. At first I was afraid to be alone. I was sure someone was going to break in and kill me. Dave got me a dog, a Norwegian elkhound named Boltar.

"Our only social life is after the games. You go through a lot of phases. At first you do everything, go everywhere, accept all the invitations, and all of a sudden you say, 'I really don't want to do this anymore.' Now, we just do what we want to do. I don't know what I'll do when he's underfoot all the time, though. When he was writing his book he had a tape recorder and he used to carry it with him and talk into it all the time; he used to drive me insane.

"I dread the day it all ends. He gets letters from girls, but if I worried about other women I'd be a wreck, so I don't. I worry more about all that flying he does. I'm terrified of flying. I have to be really bombed to get on a plane, and here we are this summer going to Spain with about 100 NBA players." Gerri laughed. "God wouldn't take a whole plane full of basketball players, would he?" Three waiters at Harry Stevens smiled in unison. Gerri is their darling.

The first year I cleared \$18,000 even though all I had to keep me going was a pregnant wife and a loopy zwing.

—DAVE MARR, 1967

The athlete's wife does the best she can. She adjusts to travel, copes with camp followers and bleeds a little when he has a bad season. Sometimes she can't cut it, and then she calls it quits. The ex-wife of touring pro Dave Marr called it quits. Susan, who has recently remarried—a lawyer this time—is attractively petite, energetic. She speaks in bursts, her speech frequently followed by derisive laughter. Or she speaks quietly, as if to herself. Behind each statement, the question: what happened?

"I have a great nostalgia for the good years on the tour. Oh, we were on a great ride, and it was at the right time. Everything about it was magnificent. Even the air smelled magnificent every single day. When we were first married I used to watch David practice for an hour or two, then watch him play for

five hours, then watch him practice again, then we'd go home together and go to dinner, and go to a movie together and go to bed together, get up in the morning together and go to the golf course together. Someone once said, 'Divorce is the closest thing to death,' and I think that is true. You can't be married to someone for 12 years and then suddenly say, 'Well, I'm over that.'

"There are very few cities in the world I can think of without thinking of David Marr. I would still rather see him swing at a golf ball than any other living human. That includes Nicklaus and Palmer and all the rest of them. He is loaded with style in everything he does, from golf to clothes to the way he handles himself—the whole thing.

"David once said, 'If you can't live on tour as well as you do at home, you shouldn't be out here.' I almost remember when I had the first pang of doubt. I thought, my God, I'm wasting a lot of my brain. I can remember walking around the golf course, or sitting by a pool, or driving for hours. I mean, I sort of knew Kennedy was President, and I sort of knew what was going on in the world, but these things were relatively unimportant compared to who was the biggest money-winner.

"I adored the first couple of years. We were married in 1960 during the concluding round of the Bob Hope Desert Classic, so our marriage sort of spanned the incredible rise in the popularity of golf. You could hack around when you were playing for \$50,000, but when you are playing for \$1 million it does change things. Golfers are businessmen now, and it's a whole different world. The wives are more uptight with so much money riding on the game. The peak of my life with David was before our first child was born. That's a very sad thing to say, but I will never forget the joyousness of discovering the United States with this glorious human being. The peak as far as play is concerned was not when he won the PGA, it was Augusta. Isn't that strange? I will never forget the four rounds he put together at Augusta in 1964, when he came in second.

"I would say the worst thing that ever happened was winning the PGA, which is an appalling thing to say, but to me it turned the whole thing around. Once you're up there, you're busy and frantic, the fun is gone. I remember praying the day that David won the PGA. I

prayed, 'Please, let him win this tournament because he needs it. I think it will make him a better person,' I thought then that he would relax and feel assured, but the opposite happened. He then felt he had to prove it wasn't a fluke. Tony, my youngest son, was born a few hours after David won the PGA. He flew home the next day, spent a few hours in the hospital with me and went on to the next tournament. He was player of the year then and head of the PGA tournament committee and on the Ryder Cup team. From then on we never stopped. It was a kind of public performance of going here and there. I left my newborn baby to see him play in the Ryder Cup. You make these incredible decisions! I mean, my son will be with me forever, but the Ryder Cup matches lasted for three days.

"The last trip I ever took with David was in July 1970 to the British Open. I had never been away from the children for three weeks. I started dreaming about something happening to one of them. When I came back I told him I would never leave them for that long again. I realized I had reached the end of trying to tear myself between being a wife for a week and then flying home to be a mother for a few weeks and then flying out again to be a wife for a week. David probably resented my not being with him more, the children definitely resented my not being with them and I resented everybody tearing me apart.

"If I had to select one word to describe the sports wife, I would say 'tough.' It's funny how I keep finding girls from the South—they have a sort of earthy wisdom very young. Once I asked Carole Brewer, 'When do you think Gay will quit?' and she said, 'Gay will quit when we're flying over a golf course sprinkling his ashes on the fairways.' And it suddenly occurred to me that David was never coming home.

"So much depends on the kind of man you marry. Take Jack Nicklaus, for example. He is amazing. When he was really coming into his own, I'd see him in the supermarket buying stuff. Barbara was flying in with the children, and he wanted to have the house full of food when she got there. This is unheard of on the tour, you know. Then there's Winnie Palmer. I asked Winnie once if she had any idea when she married this golfer from the coal-mine area of Pennsylvania, if she ever thought he would be

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WIVES *continued*

the Arnold Palmer someday, and she said with her little girl's smile, "You wouldn't believe me if I told you yes." But I do believe her. Absolutely. I think she made up her mind, literally planned it before it happened and decided how she would handle it. I used to think it didn't matter to Winnie whether Arnold was Arnold Palmer or not, or matter to Barbara whether Jack was Jack Nicklaus or not, but it does. It matters a lot. We are all ambitious women basically, adventurous and tough. I am going to make a strong statement. I do not know of many good marriages on the tour. It is very difficult for a man to turn down what is so available to him. I don't mean only other women; I mean the parties, the distractions. David has chosen golf over life. A friend of mine once said, 'A football player knows it's over by the time he's 40. A golf star is a golf star all his life.' And that's what happened, really. David became a star."

Barbara has had a profound effect on my personality. She came to know me, my moods, my actions and accepted them. Sometimes I like to talk about the game, sometimes not. She knows when, and it helps.

—FRANK ROBINSON, 1971

"Oh, did he really say that about me?" said Barbara Robinson. "Tell me more. That's news to me. Build my ego," and Barbara bounced up and down on the couch in the living room of her Ladera Heights, Calif. home. Having grown up in Los Angeles, the house was there, ready and waiting, when Frank Robinson got traded this year to the Dodgers. Barbara, at 31, is as youthful and bouncy as a teen-ager.

"When we were first married, almost 11 years ago, I used to be even more outgoing than I am now. I just loved people, period. Frankie taught me to judge people more closely, not to just love indiscriminately. I had to learn how to manage when he was gone; grocery shopping, which I had never done before, keeping a house. I couldn't cook. He ate what I cooked, and I don't know how he got it down. The first time I cooked frozen vegetables they were still almost frozen. He ate them without a word. Looking back, I think it was tremendous that he would eat the stuff I gave him.

"Frank has come out of his shell a little. He used to be very quiet and shy. Compared to me, he still is. I think he

understands himself now, he knows himself as an individual. Maybe having me to take care of helped him. Somebody in the family had to be mature. Frankie had a pretty hard time with the Redlegs, so much so that he almost quit baseball. Oh, he loves baseball. It's his whole life. Trading a player is the owner's prerogative and presumably for the good of the team, but you don't discard a man like rubbish. I'm a great talker, tell me when to stop.

"In Baltimore, on the other hand, they were beautiful. They let us know that Frank might be traded, and we understood why it had to be done. It's a great team and living there was fantastic. Not all rosy, of course, but the most beautiful years of our life together.

"Frank is very easygoing and understanding. He thinks deeply. In Baltimore he got involved working for the drug program and he gave everything away. We have kids growing up, and we're scared of the drug situation, so I think it's beautiful that he's working to help, but he gave away my clothes, a brand-new carpet, our color TV, linens, books. We went back to clean the apartment out after we got traded, and I started looking for some of my stuff to pack. I only came up with one TV and we had four! Dishes, towels, the kids' toys, my bike, the kids' bikes. I'm sure God blesses him for that. The only thing is, I'm out of a bike. Being traded is very expensive, you know. They don't pay moving expenses. Not that there was much left to move. Well, God love him. As long as he stays healthy, I won't complain. If he's healthy, he'll hit."

So many of the football wives are really homecoming queen types. You can't really talk to them about anything much except makeup and clothes, or curtains and drapes.

—SUSAN MARR, 1972

Cynthia Washington, wife of the San Francisco 49er Wide Receiver Gene Washington, was USC's homecoming queen in 1968. She and Gene have been married for 2½ years and live in a two-bedroom town house in San Francisco.

Cynthia's legs were encased in knee-high blue suede Gucci boots. She was taking her hair out of curlers. "How do you like these boots?" she said. "Something just fell off. A buckle, I think. Don't you hate to pay good money for something and have it fall apart?

"Gene and I both had cold feet about getting married. We kept putting it off. We waited until after he had been in the pros for a year. I wanted him to get it all out of his system, the glamour and all that stuff. The first year I actively worried about other girls. I didn't want anyone to even talk to him. I was so naive. Now I just can't worry about it. I really can't. Any relationship that's going to last has to be built on trust. So I trust him. Once after a Jai game in New York, Joe Namath asked Gene to go out with him. I was there in New York, and he didn't go. The women just seem to love that guy. He must have something. I'd like to meet him once just to see if he's all that good. I know something fell off these boots.

"I know very little about football. Sometimes I go toward the end of the game to pick up the pieces and take them home. Once the 49ers' front office asked me to write a piece about what Gene does for the official brochure. They were doing a wife a week. They said I couldn't ask my husband. I was up all night. I finally wrote something funny. It was the only way I could make it. I've never really been that interested. Last year they made him a flanker, and I thought, my gosh, what is he going to do? He really is good at catching the ball. Then I found out he was still going to catch the ball. Anyway, they moved him back to wide receiver.

"He and John Brodie make a great team. Gene and I both went to Brodie's Scientology classes for a couple of sessions, but neither of us dig it too much. Brodie recently attended a seminar in Los Angeles to 'get clear.' I don't know what that means unless it means your bank account gets clear. That Scientology costs about \$35 a session. I think I might dig Buddhism. It sounds cheaper than Scientology.

"I don't especially believe because two people are married they have to have the same interests. Maybe somebody else wants their husband around all the time. If they do, they've got a problem. I like my hours. I'm Cynthia first and Mrs. Gene Washington second. I almost never travel with Gene. We talk on the phone a lot. Gene loves to talk on the phone. Our whole relationship was built up on the telephone.

"Once when Gene and I were dating, I asked a Ouija board if I would be with Gene Washington New Year's Eve

continued

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WIVES

at midnight. Gene was behaving very badly, he hadn't asked me out. The Oujia board said yes, so I went to this party, and at a quarter to 12 Gene Washington walked in, only it was Gene Washington of the Minnesota Vikings.

"Our future is pretty well planned. Gene will play for another five years if he doesn't get seriously injured. He will retire at 30. I never worried about injuries until last year. Gene was hurt twice. They're double- and triple-teaming him now. Once someone hit him and he went straight up in the air and came down on his head. I thought, 'You can get hurt out there!' I think I'll take these boots back."

Just before my trade to the L.A. Kings, I lost interest in playing for the Canadiens. Bring with a winner doesn't make up for being on the bench.

—RALPH BACKSTROM, 1972

Frances Backstrom sat on the patio of her Brentwood, Calif. home, watching her husband tinker with the diving board. Their 4-year-old son, Andrew, splashed in the pool. Two older children were in school.

"Such luxury after Montreal," she mused. "Who would have thought that when we met on a blind date in Ottawa we would wind up on a patio in California." Ralph is all the way under the diving board now with hammer and screwdriver. Only his head is visible, a head faced with 350 stitches, mementos of 12½ seasons with the Canadiens.

"His scars don't show," said Frances, "but they're there. Ralph once said the biggest fear in a hockey player's mind is losing an eye, but he never could get used to wearing a helmet. He's happy about the trade. With a team like the Kings, he feels useful. He can help the younger players."

"I was just 19 when Ralph and I were married. At that age you don't ask yourself what will it be like. You don't think, you just do. You say, it sounds like great fun, let's do it. Of course, 10 years later you laugh at how naive you were."

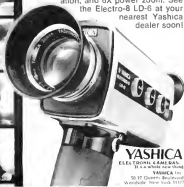
"The Kings didn't make the playoffs this year. Maybe next year. Montreal was always making the playoffs. They would take the whole team and move them north to a resort area in the Laurentians. The guys would live alone for a month and very seldom see their wives or girlfriends. The only time I would see Ralph was after the home games."

continued



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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

WIVES continued

Then he would say, how are the kids? Did we get any mail? Kiss me goodby and run for the bus. Oh, I really used to resent that because he'd come out of the dressing room and suddenly all these people wanted to talk to him, and he had only 15 minutes before the bus left. I used to go away with tears in my eyes. One time I wrote him a letter during the game, and he read it on the bus.

"But there were good times, too, like after winning the Stanley Cup. It was so exciting and the pressure was off. For a week I hadn't been able to eat my meals because the pressure was so intense, and I would be anxious to talk to Ralph after that whole month of not seeing him. You have to be reasonable. I guess I got more mature. I suddenly realized that all those people were only going to have him for an hour. I was going to have him the whole summer.

"I feel sorry for girls who hang around hockey players. If one of them comes up and wants to talk to my husband, I just disappear. It happened recently at The Forum. She was very aggressive. She was staring up at him and saying, 'Gee, you're really cool. I really dig you.' I left so as not to embarrass him."

The sun shone down, the pool shimmered. Ralph tested the tension on the diving board. Andrew crawled out of the pool and shook himself like a puppy.

"The only thing that frightens me is this good living, this beautiful home. We both came from very modest homes. Our parents had to work so hard just to put food on the table. Now I wonder what kind of adults my kids are going to be, having all this. I worry about the soft life that California provides. They used to struggle through snowstorms and climb over snowbanks to get to school. Now they ride to and from school, and the sun seems to shine all the time. What is going to happen to them? Is that silly? Here I am sitting in this lovely place thinking, gee, my kids are going to be deprived of all that hardship!"

I was a cheerleader in high school, and I had to yell, 'First and 10, do it again.' I didn't know what it meant.

—LINDA SAYERS, 1972

Linda is given to blue jeans and sweat shirts. Under her Afro wig, a tiny face emerges, like that of a newborn kitten. Emerging, too, a sharp intelligence. Linda met Gale Sayers in high school, mar-

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ried him while they were in college. By the time he signed with the Bears, she knew what "First and 10, do it again" meant. She also knew all about trades.

"I insisted on a no-cut, no-trade contract instead of asking for a huge salary. I wanted to establish a life somewhere. [Nancy Lerner will shoot herself when she hears about that.]

"Gale had such a sensational, whirlwind break-in to the league that after his rookie year he was immediately put on the banquet circuit, which I had a hard time adjusting to. Here I was, basically a little country girl and very naive. There's a jealousy factor, too. I don't mean jealousy about other women—football is the other woman—but jealousy that he is in the spotlight, and you feel like a puppy trailing along behind. We go somewhere and everybody just clambers over him. So who am I? I've learned to enjoy the times when I can be alone and private, but in the beginning I wouldn't let Gale walk from one room to another without following him, and asking him constantly, what's wrong? I was the typical fan asking, how are your knees? I don't think it's possible to be married to a man in the spotlight and not experience this jealousy. Even now sometimes, I get angry. I think he's worthy of the attention, but it makes me feel like a dwarf. I used to bug him. I used to say, "Take the garbage out." I thought he should take it out. Other husbands take the garbage out. What was so fancy about him? You can become bitchy without knowing it. You have to do a little soul-searching. All of a sudden I decided that's not the way a wife should be. You have to develop a life of your own.

"Oh, I got so tired of tiptoeing around the house on Sunday morning. During the football season we do not live a normal life. Gale is so moody that even the children are aware of it. People have no idea what professional sport does to a man—the pride factor, getting yourself up for a game, the letdown after a bad game. We've been on both ends of the pendulum. First, all that success, then two injuries and practically two seasons of not playing at all. You bleed for them, but you have to learn not to show it. If his leg doesn't heal, he will announce his retirement. If he retires, I am prepared for a couple of years of tremendous strain. He was the best pro runner in the history of the game, and all of a

continued

sudden it's taken away. Football is his love and he's not finished with it. This year we are living on hope. He has that brooding inside of him.

"The reason Gale loved Brian Piccolo so much was that Brian was competing for his job, and Gale had this ability to care for him which is really a rare thing. Brian's wife, Joy, is finally adjusting. Brian's was a typical Italian household, which means the man is dominant. Joy was just a mother and housewife. Then, after he died, she was on a whirlwind, with everyone pampering her, and she's actually a celebrity because of her husband's death, which is a little ironic. She realizes now that she's got to get off of this. Now, every time there's a function in Chicago, she's there as the poor widow of Brian Piccolo. He's been dead for two years now, and you know, she says that her grief is over. Now she wants to make a life of her own and they won't let her. Sometimes I look at the popularity of football as almost being barbaric—the exploitation of athletes, the money thrown around.

"Our worst year was probably 1969 when the Bears had a 1-13 record. The fans yelled terrible things at the players and even threw bottles. One of the players got hit on the head. I was sitting in front of his wife. She just sat there, her face sort of frozen. I went downstairs and started crying. Later, Gale said, 'Oh, you'd cry if Tom caught Jerry.'

"Sometimes I think I would like to be married to someone in a normal job. Sunday morning he puts on his game face. I can't wait for him to get out of the house. Oh, I'm so happy when he's gone I don't know what to do. Away games? I just love them. During off-season I yearn for him. That's our happy time. But during the season I just say, 'Goodbye, husband.' He's not going to be the same man until January."

I think getting married has helped me. When I was single I'd clean up my apartment and then do errands. By the time I got to the ball park I was tired. My diet's better. Lots of Italian cooking.

—SAL BANDO, 1969

"Oh, I was just furious when he made that statement," said Sandra Bando, hurling herself into a chair, still furious. "He will say things like that, even now. He said that after we had been married for five months, and I said to him, 'You make it sound as if all I ever do is

cook veal parmigiana and lasagna every day, and there is Sandra down on her knees scrubbing your floor, I don't like the idea that you have molded me into a domesticated little thing.'

"The first year we were married, Sal simply couldn't understand that I had to have a life independent of him. The other baseball wives couldn't believe it. I had to be home by 10 o'clock at night. If he was on the road, he would call and I had to be here. Once I called him from the theater and said, 'I'm home.' Then I said to myself, this is ridiculous, I'm a grown woman. I did nothing but get up in the morning, prepare some food, go to the ball park and watch him play and come home. I said, is that all there is to me? He thought women who played golf were terrible. What kind of children were they raising? Why weren't they home where they belonged?

"Sal was raised in the old-fashioned Italian tradition. He saw his mother as a very hard-working, domesticated woman. The song 'I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad' was written for Sal. For the first few months he was trying to make me into something I wasn't. My own upbringing was more liberal, perhaps because my father was a physician. To Sal I felt I was a body without a mind. He wanted me to be just his reflection."

Sal Bando Jr., son of the A's third baseman, not yet two years old and spectacularly blond and blue-eyed, rushed around the living room of the Bando home in Oakland, Calif., a tiny whirlwind. Sandra Fortunato Bando, her own dark hair newly tinted blonde, scooped up her son and carried him off to his playpen. The Bandos had just returned from spring training in Arizona, their visit slightly prolonged because of the baseball strike.

"Sal has changed tremendously in the last year or so," Sandra said. "He's become more liberated. I've changed, too, and understand his way of thinking. Now he laughs about it. Do you know what he called me in spring training? Gloria Steinem. And when one of his teammates made a comment about my new hair color, he said, 'Blondes have more fun.' Last year during the playoffs, I was a nervous wreck and Sal wasn't. He was just coping with everything, all that tension. He told me if I pulled that again this year, if they make the playoffs, he is going to send me out to pas-

ture for a couple of months. In the past year I've had to stop and say to myself, if I'm going to be a help to him I've got to be a more controlled-type person. My getting so emotional about the playoffs was, I think now, a question of personal immaturity. A lot of times I feel his life really isn't his own. One day I accept that, the next day I don't. I was wrong about a lot of things, too. I went into our marriage with the funny idea that my husband's profession really wasn't that hard. I thought, 'He's just going out to play baseball like a little boy.' Really? Listening to the other wives talk, I realized it was more complicated. I went on a couple of road trips with him, saw how they live out of suitcases, what they put up with.

"Sal is very blunt, very honest, completely lacking in tact. He wants to come off real, but he puts things differently to other people than he does to me. He thinks I try to make him more complex than he really is, but that's because I don't think he takes time out to think about himself, about who he is. I once said to Sal, 'Don't ever pull this stuff on me, I'm the great Sal Bando.' I don't want success to go to his head. I've seen it happen to other athletes. They lose touch with their values, as Joe Namath did, as Vida Blue did recently. Sal just laughs. He realizes there is always someone in the wings coming along who may be just a little bit better, so I think his feet are on the ground. Last year he was second to Vida Blue as MVP.

"But to this day, if someone asks what he eats, he says spaghetti. What can I do? He is very proud of being Italian. I said, 'Why don't you tell them that you eat a lot of eggs and peanut butter, protein, fruit and vegetables? Why do you always say spaghetti?' He says, 'Because I'm Italian.' Well, we all know he's Italian. I'm Italian, too. I'm very proud of my heritage, but there's more to being Italian than eating spaghetti.

"In Italian families, Christmas Eve is celebrated with a big fish feast. His family are not great fish eaters so they eat pizza and sausage. Thanksgiving, they eat chicken and spaghetti. Just to show how liberated Sal is, we now have turkey on Thanksgiving, just to please me. Christmas Eve he can have his pizza and sausage. As for my own liberation, I take golf lessons now. That may not make me Mother of the Year, but it sure is fun!"

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE A's

Sirs:

As an A's fan, I wish to compliment Ron Fimate on his fine article (*On Tour With "Hulk,"* July 31).

Indeed, the A's are a solid ball club with power (most home runs in the American League), pitching (second best to Baltimore in ERA), speed (Campenier, Rudi, Jackson, Bando and Hendrick) and near-errorless fielding. All of this and a great manager in Dick Williams have given the A's the best record in the American League and a substantial lead over the Chicago White Sox. We'll see them in the World Series.

RON MAIR

Martinez, Calif.

Sirs:

Ron Fimate's feature story on the Oakland A's was very moving. It almost made me sorry our Red Sox knocked them off in four out of six games.

R. F. BUTTERWORTH

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

My heart really bled for Oakland Catcher Dave Duncan after I read that he felt his statistics were sufficient for him to make the All-Star team but that Earl Weaver kept him off by selecting "a mere rookie" from the Red Sox by the name of Carlton Fisk. If Duncan had looked in the newspapers, he would have noticed more impressive statistics—those held by Fisk. Carlton was hitting .310 and had a slugging percentage of .624! White Sox organist Nancy Faust plays *Jesus Christ Superstar* when the fantastic Dick Allen appears at the plate, yet he was batting only .300 and slugging .574.

If Duncan had criticized Weaver for not having picked Relievers Sparky Lyle and Terry Forster, I could agree with him.

BILL BIRK

Bridgeview, Ill.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article. As we know, the A's are a balanced, wholesome team. They don't have rules on clothes, hair or even bed checks. As Catcher Dave Duncan put it, "We do what we want off the field with whoever we want."

I feel there are other teams with just as much talent as Oakland, if not more, but something is lacking—a little freedom.

MARK PUEZER

Seattle

LEFT OUT

Sirs:

I have just finished reading Barry McDermott's article (*Putting Out the Fire in*

New York, July 31), and I must say it is excellent. Sparky Lyle has to be the most underrated reliever in the majors. We all know Earl Weaver left Sparky out of the All-Star lineup. Danny Murtagh of the National League picked Tug McGraw and Clay Carroll, who are both relievers.

I hope Sparky gets voted the American League Fireman of 1972 so that, once and for all, everyone will know who is No. 1.

JUAN ALONSO

Clifton, N.J.

Sirs:

Second-guessing is probably more of a national pastime than the game of baseball itself. But what irony. Earl Weaver omitted Sparky Lyle and asked, "Which of my selections would anyone like to switch for Lyle?" It was interesting, of course, that three of his former 20-game winners were chosen. Since Danny Murtagh went with Tug McGraw and came out victorious, I guess it is obvious whom Lyle could have replaced! Hats off to SI for pointing out Weaver's "dilemma."

ROBERT M. WATERSON

New Haven, Conn.

RECOGNITION

Sirs:

I want to commend Marc Simont on a fantastic job of characterizing Willie Stargell, Walter Alston, Danny Murtagh and other recognizable players in his illustrations of the 1971 All-Star Game (*Stars in Your Eyes*, July 24).

JOHNNY BRIENT

Akron, Tenn.

Sirs:

I have seen art in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* before, but I have never seen anything like the All-Star Game. On TV it is colorful, but in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* it is like fantasy. The expressions are funny and the color, sights and "sounds" are great.

ROGER SIMMONS

Manhasset, N.Y.

Sirs:

One picture shows the players sneaking out, trying to avoid autograph hordes. I ask, where would they be without us?

DENIS GOGH

Jamaica, N.Y.

CHIEF INTEREST

Sirs:

Your July 31 issue was an extremely satisfying one for me, particularly because you happened to include articles on two professional ball clubs I consider to be the very best in their respective sports.

There was an excellent piece on the powerhouse Oakland Athletics. Charlie Finley has done one heck of a job building the A's into consistent winners.

I'd also like to congratulate your staff and Photographer Rich Clarkson for the precision look at the Kansas City Chiefs (*Go, Go, Go, Go, Go*). It sort of gives the fans around the country an exclusive peek at the 1973 Super Bowl champions.

LEE FRYDA

Norristown, Pa.

Sirs:

My sincere thanks for the photographs of the Kansas City Chiefs during training camp. I have long been a fan of the Chiefs, even though I am a Texan and most people down here like the world champion Dallas Cowboys.

CRAIG COFFEY

Abilene, Texas

DRAFT CHOICE

Sirs:

Kansas City's loss ought to be SI's gain. The article by Rick Telander (*Football Is Like a Rose*, July 31) was beautifully written, illustrating the bitter personal disappointment of the many also-rans. Perhaps those elusive ballplayers who hold out for fabulous contracts would do well to remember the psychological tension and physical demands of being a rookie in training camp and thank their lucky stars for the gifts they possess. As for Telander, his excellent talents as a writer would be an added attraction to your competent staff.

LISA SHARP

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

Rick Telander may not have made the grade as a pro defensive back, but he is a prime candidate for Rookie of the Year as a writer. His remembrance of the calm after the storm of his Chiefs tryout is one of the finest recent pieces of writing to appear in your magazine.

GREG PHARES

Clinton, La.

PEPI TALK

Sirs:

My congratulations go to Don DeLaquanti on a small but worthwhile article (*Pepi Struts Out Again*, July 24). While Joe Peppone has been cited continuously as a controversial, flamboyant figure, I am glad someone has cited him as a ballplayer to be reckoned with, not because of his exploits but because of his talent.

SALLY VAN HINBERGEN

Oklahoma City

continued

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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JUDY JOYE

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Underseas Consultant,
Director of the Oceanographic News Service.

HOBBIES: Designing jewelry from marine artifacts.

LAST BOOK READ: "Cybernetic Problems
in Bionics."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organized a major
underseas expedition to collect marine life for a
pharmaceutical firm seeking new drugs from the sea.

QUOTE: "The world's oceans can provide us with
new sources of drugs, food, vast supplies of oil, gas,
minerals, and metals, but unless these resources are
efficiently exploited by all nations of the world,
society as we know it today cannot hope to endure."

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by a logical approach to finding solutions.

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19TH HOLE

Sirs,

Your article on Joe Pepitone was great! Ask any kid who is a Cub fan to name the first ballplayer who comes to mind. He'll probably say Williams or Somo or Kesinger or Jenkins or Pepitone. And take the signs that wave in Wrigley Field, such as MY GRANDMA LIVES FOR PEPTONE. Yes, Pepitone is becoming a household word, like food or bath.

I am a great Cub fan, but to me Peps beats them all. Thanks to Don DeLiquante for a wonderful article.

JULIE MURPHY

Chillicothe, Ill.

ROBYN

Sirs:

Until I forced myself to read *Beauty and the Beast* (July 31), I admit I was a typically jealous Robyn Smith hater. But the article was a profound view of an amazing woman. Now I can only admire her and hope that she will be able to realize her great ambitions.

My gratitude to Frank Deford and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for letting me see the light.

DRANE MCKENNA

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why, in an otherwise excellent article, must Frank Deford dwell in the first few paragraphs on Robyn's "forested beauty"? If a woman is pretty, should she be nothing else but that?

No man could ever appreciate how much against the current trend it is to give up the security and universal approval good looks bring. A female relying on her looks becomes less and less convinced of her personal worth and more and more desperate to retain her looks as her ticket to acceptance.

It's a vicious circle, and Robyn Smith is both smart and lucky to be out of it.

MARILYN DE TROY

Portland, Maine

Sirs,

Robyn Smith accomplished the impossible. She broke into a man's world without employing the hard-nosed tactics that have made Women's Liberation a prime topic of conversation. Instead she chose to use desire and determination, something everyone respects in an athlete, whether a man or a woman.

Robyn Smith is to be admired in her attempt to stand out in the crowd, for she picked the harder route rather than follow the road of her users. Remember the old saying, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." Ms. Smith beat them; she didn't have to join them.

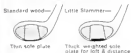
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San Antonio

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10TH HOLE

Sirs:

Personally I think Robyn is the best thing that has happened to horse racing in years. She brings a special aura to every race she is in. She's cute, yes, but of primary importance is that she can ride like hell. Any one who has seen her in action will attest to that. The more mounts she gets, the better it will be for the sport.

R. THOMAS FLEMING

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now that was a cover to look at!

CHUCK KATY

Sharon, Mass.

DERBIES

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article *Head's Up! Here's a Horse Race* (July 24). Unfortunately your writer, Sungyong Chang, is not up to date on his attendance figures.

When he says that "120,000 people wedged themselves into Tokyo Racecourse 10 days ago for the Japanese Derbies. There is no turf spectacle like it," he must have been ignorant of the attendance at the Kentucky Derbies in 1971 (123,258) and in 1972 (130,467).

RAYMOND JOHNSON

Churchill Downs
Louisville

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

Sirs:

I enjoyed Don Dellagians's article about Hank Slides's *A Blessing in Disguise from Basketball* (July 24) very much. I have seen him on various television programs and thought he was well equipped to teach young players how to shoot a basketball. I am happy that college coaches have finally discovered him.

MURRAY ZILMANOVITZ

Beverly Hills, Calif.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

Since golf's Grand Slam has been put off at least another year, there is no chance that anyone will equal the 1972 sporting feats of Wilf Chamberlain. Along with Earl Goodrich and others, he showed the world the greatest basketball team ever. His unselfish play, superior defense and ability to score when needed were three of the most important factors in the Lakers' game-after-game success. I nominate Wilf for 1972 Sportsman of the Year.

DAN WEINBERG

Fort Wayne, Ind.

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